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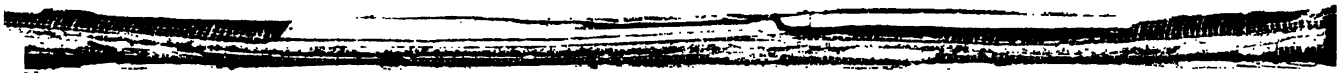

J. C. JAMISON.

Made from a tintype taken in 1857 just after returning from Nicaragua.

WITH WALKER IN NICARAGUA

WITH WALKER IN NICARAGUA

OR

Reminiscences of an Officer of the American Phalanx

BY

JAMES CARSON JAMISON

Captain of Company D, First Light Infantry, Army of the Republic of Nicaragua

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E. W. STEPHENS PUBLISHING COMPANY,

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DEDICATION.

It is with a grateful heart that the Author dedicates these pages, crude and desultory, he freely admits, written at haphazard and largely from memory, to his friend and kinsman, Mr. Charles White, of Spokane, Washington, whose regard and friendship for more than thirty years have been true and constant.

J. C. J.

PREFACE.

This volume is written lovingly in memory of those comrades who gave up their lives in battle in a strange land, for a strange people; whose bones lie in an alien country, its soil crimsoned with their life's blood, poured out to save from misrule and oppression a people who invoked their arms and valor, and later heaped upon them the curses of ingratitude. Its pages are offered further as a tribute to the bravery and fortitude of those few men who endured the dangers and hardships of the Nicaraguan campaigns, and are still alive.

It is with a full heart that the author makes acknowledgment of the kindly services of those friends whose encouragement largely impelled the writing of these reminiscences, which in no way are offered as a comprehensive history of the enterprises that gave them birth, but merely as a series of pictures of events and incidents that came within his vision and experience. Especially is the author grateful to his old-time friend, Mr. Edwin W. Stephens, of Columbia, Missouri, whose kindness and generosity made possible the publication of this volume. Particularly is the author under obligations to his dear and esteemed friend, Mr. Fred. S. Barde, of Guthrie, Oklahoma, for his assistance in the preparation of manuscript. For exact dates of events described he also acknowledges his obligations to the book, "War in Nicaragua," written by General Walker, and of which few copies may be found, and to "The Filibuster War in Nicaragua," by C. W. Doubleday.

Guthrie, Oklahoma, November 1, 1909.

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WITH WALKER IN NICARAGUA.

CHAPTER I.

NICARAGUA AS FOUND BY WALKER.

Walker Leaves San Francisco—Brig Vesta—Arrives at Leon—Castellon and Munoz—State of Society—Dual Governments—Personality of Walker.

It has been said that "the remembrance of youth is a sigh"—and such must be the remembrance of those whom fortune led, these long years gone, to the plains and jungles and mountains of Nicaragua to battle for an oppressed people, under the leadership of General William Walker, the "Grey-eyed Man of Destiny." A sigh for all the glorious valor consumed in the fire of battle; a sigh for the strong manhood that succumbed to wounds and jungle fevers; a sigh for the weakness of a people who first supplicated and then reviled those who responded to their entreaties for deliverance from the accumulated wrongs of centuries of corrupt and decadent government.

In the 50's men looked upon life from a more romantic view-point than they do now. There was more sentiment, more singing of songs, and more writing of love verses to sweethearts; grace and gallantry lent a charm to society, as perfume enhances the beauty of the rose; the cavalier, with his plumes and ribbons, had not departed, and the music of the troubadour still tinkled amidst the sounds of revelry. Those were days when the ardor for adventure by land and sea was hot in the breasts of men. In the vast regions

of the West, the stars shone upon a primeval wilderness, where there was lure of gold, and where hunger and conflict and even death challenged those whose daring and hardihood defied the vicissitudes of fortune in their search for El Dorado. Men had not outgrown the customs of their forefathers, and if they resorted to the *code duello* in defense of their honor, and the honor of women, they were moved by sincerity, and surrounded by traditions still too potent to be cast aside. Such were the men who took service under Walker, and were led by him in his desperate struggles to make real a dream that might have dazzled the great Corsican himself.

For more than half a century a false impression has prevailed concerning the army of Americans that established itself in the Republic of Nicaragua under the command of General Walker. Popularly, the opinion is that these men were renegades and marauders who went to Nicaragua solely to satisfy their greed for pillage and plunder, and derisively the name "Filibusters" has attached to them. As in all such undertakings, there were individuals, perhaps, whose character exposed them justly to this accusation, yet the Americans as a whole respected the rights of property, the sanctity of domestic relations, and the sacredness of life itself as honorably as would be possible in any civilized country in time of war. General Walker was a disciplinarian in whom stern conscience had made compact with honor, and for violation of the rules of war he inflicted relentlessly the death penalty upon both friend and foe.

It undoubtedly is true that many of Walker's soldiers, like myself, were drawn to Nicaragua by a desire for adventure in a foreign land, a land that had

felt the tread of Spanish *conquistadores* in centuries long past; where beautiful cities with palaces and cathedrals had risen under the patronage of the Spanish crown, and where magnificent country estates stretched league upon league to the horizon. The social aristocracy of Nicaragua possessed the wealth and beauty of old Spain, and its men and women had a charm and bearing acquired by education and residence beyond the Atlantic.

With an area of 58,000 square miles, Nicaragua is nearly as large as the State of Missouri; its coasts are washed by both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Costa Rica is its neighbor on the south, Honduras on the north, while northwest, across the small Bay of Fonseca, lies the pugnacious little republic of Salvador. In the 50's ocean steamers on the Atlantic side discharged their freight and passengers at San Juan del Norte, whence they were carried in small steamers up the San Juan river into Lake Nicaragua and across its often turbulent waters to La Virgen, the lake port from which ran the overland stage-coach line to San Juan del Sur, on the Pacific, a distance of twelve or fifteen miles; at San Juan del Sur steamers touched for all north and south Pacific ports. From 1852 until 1857 this traffic across Nicaragua was controlled by Commodore Vanderbilt's Accessory Transit Company, and was the main highway—save across the plains and deserts of the United States—to and from the gold-fields of California.

Lake Nicaragua is a fresh water body 110 miles long and 46 miles wide, with an elevation of 110 feet above sea level. Near the center of the lake is the island of Omatepe, from which rises the lone volcanic peak of Omatepe to a height of 5570 feet, its base hidden in

a luxuriant growth of tropical forest, above which it stands bare and smooth against the sky. Trade winds blow incessantly in Nicaragua, and roll the waters of the lake from north to south, with the effect of tidal motion. North of Lake Nicaragua is Lake Managua, land-locked, with a length of fifty, and a width of twenty-five miles.

The eastern portion of Nicaragua is heavily wooded, and its tropical jungles so dense as to be almost impenetrable; it produces bananas, mahogany and India-rubber. Central Nicaragua is an expanse of wide plains, devoted to the raising of cattle and horses. The garden of the Republic, containing its richest and most fertile soil, is in its west zone, along the Pacific, and yields coffee, chocolate and Indian corn of the finest quality and in the greatest abundance. Nicaragua is a land without hail, snow or ice, nor do heavy wind-storms or tornadoes distract its inhabitants. There is perpetual summer, with two seasons, the dry and the wet, rain falling almost daily from May 1 to November 1.

The trend of the two lakes is parallel with the Pacific coast line which runs from northwest to southeast, and west of the lakes, where the land is most fertile and productive, are situated the principal Nicaraguan cities. Beginning at Realejo, in the extreme northwest, the traveller leaves the pealing bells of Chinandega to the north, and comes to Leon, Managua, on Lake Managua, Masaya, and then to Granada, near the head and on the west shore of Lake Nicaragua. Farther down is San Jorge, the lake port of Rivas, inland about three miles. Next is the port of La Virgen. At San Carlos, far down on the east shore of the lake, the San Juan river starts on its way to

the Atlantic. Granada was founded in 1524; Leon, in 1610, and both in their time contained in large measure those things that lend charm to Seville and Cordova. Many of the buildings, both public and private, were in the Moresco style of architecture. The Cathedral of St. Peter at Leon cost five million dollars and was thirty-seven years in building; its walls withstood a siege of cannon. Looking from a high elevation in either city, one's eye beheld the beauty and glories of an earthly paradise, so glorious was the panorama of sky, mountains and plains. Leon was the stronghold of liberal thought; Granada, the fortress of aristocratic conservatism.

For more than twenty years prior to the appearance of Walker in Nicaragua, continuous factional wars had devastated the Central American republics, more particularly Nicaragua, where life and property had been consumed as if the smouldering volcanoes that stand grim and menacing in its landscape had blasted the land. So frequent and destructive had been these resorts to arms that the Republic was without a system of finance, without credit, and almost depopulated of its male inhabitants by reason of the constant drafts into the armies of the contending leaders. Morally, physically and financially, Nicaragua was in a state of complete exhaustion, and the future held little hope of relief from this condition if reliance were to be placed solely upon the people themselves.

When Walker reached Nicaragua, the census showed that the number of male citizens, compared to the females, was as one to seven, this sinister disparity being due to the atrocities of Nicaraguan warfare, and to the impressment system that dragged men from their homes to be unwilling soldiers. It was not unusual

for Nicaraguan dictators and revolutionaries to shoot down in cold blood a dozen or more of their countrymen merely because the latter sought to escape this compulsory military service; so it became a choice between the risk of being killed in battle, or accepting the certainty of summary execution in trying to avoid impressment. Not a town or city in the whole Republic escaped the ravages of this internecine strife, as was shown by their battered walls and bullet-riddled doors and windows.

The going of Walker to Nicaragua was made possible by the revolution that took form on May 5, 1854, when a number of influential citizens who had been exiled by President Don Fruto Chamorra landed at Realejo and proceeded to Chinandego to organize for the overthrow of the existing government. The constitution of 1838 had placed the chief executive power of the republic in the hands of the Supreme Director, as its president was called, provided for his election every two years, and generally was advantageous to the masses rather than to the classes. At the election of 1853, D. Francisco Castellon and D. Fruto Chamorra were opposing candidates for Supreme Director. Chamorra was seated, though his opponents declared that Castellon had received a majority of the votes cast, and that Chamorra had bribed the electoral college. Once in power, Chamorra banished his most dangerous political enemies, and called a constitutional assembly which revised and changed the constitution of 1838, giving the chief executive the title of President, permitting his election every four years, and clothing the executive branch of government with more power than it had enjoyed under the old constitution. This new constitution was pro-

mulgated in 1854. Its supporters called themselves the Legitimist party, and wore a white ribbon as their badge, while the opponents styled themselves the Democratic party, and wore a red ribbon. The Legitimists had at least the nominal support of the Catholic church in Nicaragua.

Among the notable exiles who returned as revolutionists, denouncing Chamorra and his adherents as usurpers, were Don Maximo Jerez, Don Pineda, and Don Jose Maria Valle. When they reached Chinandego they were joined by large accessions of the people, and the march on Leon, then occupied by Don Fruto Chamorra with a large army, was at once begun. Leon then had a population of more than 25,000 souls.

Chamorra was driven out of Leon after a desperate resistance and he fled almost alone on horseback to the city of Granada. At Leon the revolutionists established a provisional government, with General Castellon as its president. Chamorra at once began fortifying Granada. This city then had a population of 20,000. It had been plundered by the buccaneers in 1700, and Morgan, the renowned pirate, held it for several months and reduced it almost to ashes. Nicaragua now had two governments, each claiming to be legitimate.

As soon as the Castellon government was proclaimed, the whole of the Occidental (Leon) Department declared for it, while many other municipalities throughout the Republic did likewise. Early in June, 1854, General Jerez who had been made the commander-in-chief of the Democratic or Castellon army, appeared before Granada at the Jalteva church, and laid siege to the city. The delay in organizing the provisional gov-

ernment had given Chamorra time in which to concentrate his whole army at Granada, and when Jerez approached Chamorra was prepared to receive him; after a siege that lasted until January, 1855, Jerez was compelled to abandon his undertaking and retire to Leon. Soon after this Chamorra died, and Don Jose Maria Estrada succeeded to the presidency, and General Ponciano Corral to the chief command of the Legitimist army.

The retreat of the Castellon army, followed by the loss of all its river and lake boats, produced the wildest alarm in the Castellon government, as well as among the people supporting it, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the army could be kept together.

It was at this critical time in the history of the Castellon government that events were transpiring in California that were soon to change the whole aspect of military affairs in Nicaragua and bring forward the "Grey-eyed Man of Destiny" as the supreme power in the unhappy Republic, and cause the civilized world to gaze in astonishment at the audacity of his ambition and the greatness of his undertakings.

William Walker was born in Nashville, Tennessee, May 8, 1824, of Scotch ancestry. He was a man of small stature, his height being about five feet five inches, and his weight close to 130 pounds. His body, however, was strong, and his vital energy surprisingly great. The expression of his countenance was frank and open, and heightened by the absence of beard of any kind. His aggressive and determined character was plainly indicated by his aquiline nose, while his eyes, from which came his sobriquet, "Grey-eyed Man of Destiny," were keen in their scrutiny and almost hypnotic in their power. A woman's voice was scarce-

ly softer than Walker's, and so imperturbable was he that his praise of a valorous deed or his announcement of a death sentence were equally calm in tone and deliberate in enunciation. Though affable in intercourse, he suppressed his emotions, whether of joy or sadness, and did not permit himself to be startled by surprise. In common with other men, I cannot recall ever having seen him smile. But with all his placidity of voice and demeanor, men leaped eagerly into the very cannon's mouth to obey his commands.

A vessel arrived one day at San Juan del Sur with passengers from San Francisco, who had disembarked to pass over the Transit Route. Many of these passengers were curious to see General Walker. I was sitting in a group of officers on the verandah of the hotel to which a number of passengers came for dinner. General Walker was alone in a chair about ten feet distant from us. I saw one of the passengers, rather blusteringly, approach Walker and ask: "Can you tell me where I can see that filibuster, Walker?"

General Walker looked up and quietly replied: "I am the man."

The stranger was confused and embarrassed, and said afterwards: "I was surprised in not finding General Walker to be a big red-faced, brutal fellow." I never saw General Walker wear a military uniform, and this fact was probably responsible for the stranger's blunder.

General Walker was constitutionally temperate in his habits, of innate refinement, and in religion a Roman Catholic. Joaquin Miller, the poet, who enjoyed the friendship of General Walker, wrote of him:

"General Walker was the cleanest man in word and deed I ever knew. He never used tobacco in any form,

never drank anything at all, except water, and always ate most sparingly. He never jested and I cannot recall that I ever saw him smile. He was very thin of flesh and of most impressive presence, especially when on the firing line. At such times he was simply terrible; his gray eyes expanding and glittering like broken steel with the rage of battle. He was, in the eyes of his devoted Californians, truly 'the bravest of the brave.' The manner of his death showed not only the true courage, but the serene Christian peace and dignity of this 'grey-eyed man of destiny.' . . . His dress, language and bearing were those of a clergyman, when not on the firing line, and his whole time was spent in reading. He never wasted a moment in idle talk, never took advice, but always gave commands, and they must be obeyed. On entering a town he, as a rule, issued a proclamation making death the penalty alike for insulting a woman, for theft or for entering a church, save as a Christian should."

He was graduated with honors in both law and medicine, and attended medical lectures in Paris. Of the highest intellectuality, steel-like in its strength, and of indomitable will power, he governed and controlled his men in a way that not only beat down opposition, but drew them to him in unswerving fidelity. Decision and promptness marked all his actions and impulses. To show his stern and inflexible character, I saw him reduce to the ranks his own brother, Captain Norvel Walker, in a special order which he caused to be read to the whole army in the city of Rivas in April, 1856, for an infraction of military discipline. Diplomacy was not an element of his character, either in the internal affairs of state, or with

the outside world, and it has been said that on this rock was wrecked the fortunes of himself and of those who followed him. Men like Walker have their faults, and these are accentuated when they fail; their virtues sink into the grave with them.

In the early 50's Walker went to California, and for a time practiced law in that state, and later became editor of a newspaper at San Francisco, where he fought a duel with a man named Keller, and was severely wounded. He tried to conceal the fact that he was wounded, that he might get a second shot, but the seconds on both sides refused him this privilege, as it was forbidden under the rules of the code then prevailing in California.

In 1853, with the late Henry Crabbe, he led an expedition into Lower California, his purpose being to establish himself with an armed following under the patronage of the state of Sonora for the protection of Sonora settlements against the forays of Apache Indians. His enterprise failed, and he was arrested and tried by the United States government for violation of the neutrality laws, but was acquitted.

One of the owners of the San Francisco newspaper of which Walker became editor upon his return from Sonora was Byron Cole, afterwards a colonel in Walker's army, and who met death at the battle of San Jacinto. San Francisco was closely in touch with Central America at that time because of the traffic from ocean to ocean across Nicaragua. Cole sailed for Nicaragua on August 15, 1854, and after many difficulties reached Leon, where he met President Castellon and held a conference with him and the principal officers of the provisional government. Cole returned to California bearing a written proposal for

the enlistment of three hundred men for military service in Nicaragua under the Castellon government, each enlisted man to receive a certain monthly salary, and a grant of land at the end of the campaign.

Cole submitted this proposal to Walker in November, 1854, and Walker immediately rejected it upon the ground that it was in violation of the neutrality act of congress of 1818.

Cole went a second time to Nicaragua, and upon his arrival at Leon President Castellon with his own hands drew up a second contract, which he signed December 29, 1854. This document was a colonization grant under which 300 citizens of the United States were to be introduced into Nicaragua, with the right to bear arms guaranteed forever. When Cole reached San Francisco he asked Walker for his opinion concerning the new contract. Walker showed the contract to S. Inge, United States district attorney for California, and to General John E. Wool, both of whom declared that the document was not in violation of any state or national law.

Walker himself undertook the recruiting of the "colonists." It is here that the judgment of men begins passing upon Walker, in an effort to determine whether he was an unselfish patriot, moved by love for suffering humanity, or an ambitious Caesar taking advantage of the misery of a weak people to gain despotic power. Walker's own words are that he believed the introduction of the American element into Nicaraguan society would give the latter a stability it never otherwise could obtain, and that with its government made secure and independent Nicaragua would enter upon a lasting period of peace and prosperity; the American element in Nicaragua would

tend, also, to maintain the equilibrium of all the Central American republics. No man may gainsay the loftiness of such a purpose.

After the organization of the colonists was well advanced, Walker secured the brig *Vesta,* and began the work of fitting her out for the voyage to Nicaragua. On April 2, 1855, the men, arms, and provisions were put aboard and preparations made to weigh anchor, whereupon the sheriff of San Francisco seized her under an attachment for debt.

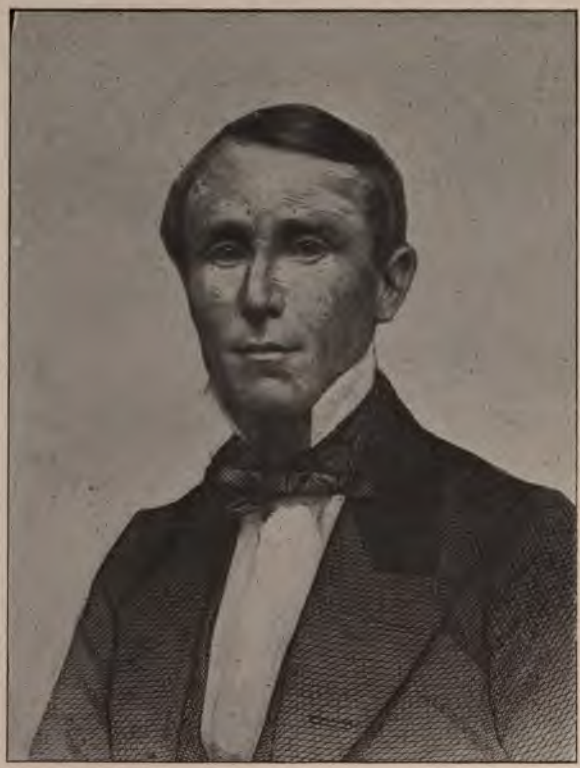
During a period of several weeks as fast as one writ was satisfied another was served. Late one evening the sheriff believed that he saw evidence that the *Vesta* was preparing to sail, and sent a posse of deputies aboard to prevent it. Many of Walker's men knew the possemen, and engaged in a friendly scuffle on board the vessel, which so frightened the skipper that he disappeared with the *Vesta's* clearance papers, and could not be found. This made necessary the employment of a new sailing master, and while searching for one, new complications arose by the hauling of the Revenue Cutter *W. L. Marcy* astern of the *Vesta* with strict orders to prevent her going to sea.

The writ of the United States government finally was satisfied, but the sheriff's attachment still held, the sheriff placing a deputy aboard with instructions to report every suspicious movement of the crew. Early in the morning of May 4, 1855, while a number of the *Vesta's* officers were entertaining the deputy sheriff below deck in a manner to his liking, an officer of the *Marcy* bent the sails of the *Vesta,* and a few moments later the steam tug *Resolute* came noiselessly alongside, hitched on, and towed the *Vesta*

through the shipping and out to sea, where she spread her sails and fled southward.

One may imagine the consternation of the deputy sheriff at finding himself beyond help on the high sea at the mercy of the lively crew of the *Vesta,* some of whom he knew to be wild and wayward. What if the "Filibusters" should drop him overboard! He was put aboard the *Resolute,* however, and sent back to San Francisco.

There were just fifty-eight of these soldiers of fortune aboard the *Vesta,* expatriating themselves for a people and a country they had never seen and for whom they had little concern. Most of them were animated by a spirit of adventure and had no present purpose of becoming the masters of Nicaraguan *haciendos.* After a tempestuous voyage of slightly more than five weeks, the *Vesta,* without accident, came to anchor in the Bay of Fonseca, at the port of Realejo, June 16, 1855.



WILLIAM WALKER.

Made from an old daguerreotype taken in San Francisco in 1854.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST BATTLE OF RIVAS.

Reception at Leon—La Falanga Americana—Walker Made Colonel—Departs for Meridional Department—Battle of Rivas—Desperate Fighting—Loses Battle—Returns to Leon.

Walker began his march overland to the city of Leon, and as the Americans approached the city they beheld before them a plain which seemed boundless in extent and beauty, with ramparts of mountain peaks, and depressed with valleys in which grew the most luscious tropical fruits. To the north, towering almost to the blue dome, was the volcano El Viejo (The Old), while scattered elsewhere were Monotombo and lesser volcanoes, reaching from the Bay of Fonseca to Lake Managua; in the city of Leon, standing as a lone sentinel, was the tower of the great cathedral.

General Castellon received Walker and his American companions with cordiality and warm expressions of confidence, and named them *La Falange Americana,* or "The American Phalanx."

After the retirement of the Democratic army from Granada to Leon the utmost efforts of the Castellon government had been taxed to maintain the troops and present a bold front to the enemy. Chamorra had not been idle; on the contrary, he had constantly augmented both his army and his resources, for he had been fully advised of the inducements that had been offered by the Castellon government to enlist fighting men from the United States. Chamorra had been able to induce the Republic of Guatemala to join in the war against the Democrats, and General Guardiola, one of

Guatemala's ablest generals, had entered Nicaragua with a strong force. Guardiola was a terror to the people, and because of his brutality was called the "Central American Butcher."

The retreat of General Jerez from Granada had thrown him into disgrace as commander of the army, and he was succeeded by General Munoz, who bore the reputation of being a good officer, though he was consumed with egotism, and disliked Americans.

The first act of Munoz upon the arrival of the Americans was viewed by them with suspicion, and an open clash of arms was barely averted by Walker, who demonstrated his character and metal, and immediately fixed the status of the Americans. General Munoz ordered the Phalanx to be divided into small squads and placed under the command of native officers, while the officers of the Phalanx, already chosen, were to be given subordinate service and placed under the command of Munoz. Walker instantly resented this scheme of Munoz, and insisted that he should remain in command of the Americans, which finally was granted. On June 20, 1855, Walker was given the commission of colonel, Achilles Kewen was made lieutenant colonel, and Timothy Crocker, major, and all assigned to *La Falange Americana.*

Under the constitution of 1838 a simple declaration of intention was all that was necessary to make any native born American a citizen of Nicaragua, and under this clause the Phalanx became citizens of the Republic, entitled to all the rights and privileges of the native Nicaraguan.

Walker immediately was commanded by the Democratic government to prepare an expedition against the Legitimist army at the city of Rivas, and on June 23,

with the Phalanx and 150 natives in command of Colonel Ramirez, he repaired to Realejo where he boarded the *Vesta* and sailed for San Juan del Sur. About sunset on June 27 he effected a landing at El Gigante, a few leagues north of San Juan, and although the night was dark and a heavy rain falling, he took up the line of march for Rivas, then a city of 15,000, and twenty-five miles distant.

As the night waned, the darkness increased, and to add to the discomforts of the march, rain fell in increasing torrents. These disadvantages, and the fact that it was necessary to keep off the main road, that the enemy might not be advised of the approach, made progress slow and difficult, and often the trail was lost and the guides had to hunt for it with their hands. Shortly after daylight on the morning of June 28, the encampment was pitched in a dense wood at an old adobe hut where breakfast was eaten. The camp suggested a gathering of gypsies; the troops were soaked with rain, and their heavy beards and bedraggled hair gave them a wild and savage appearance. After a few hours' rest, the rain having ceased, the march was resumed through tangled woods, and as night set in another heavy rain began falling.

It was Colonel Walker's original purpose to attack on the night of June 28; this now was impossible. As he entered the deserted village of Tola his advance encountered the enemy's outposts and killed and wounded a number of the Chamorra soldiers, the others escaping. It was now no longer possible to take the enemy by surprise, and further concealment was needless.

After a tedious and wearing march through trackless forests, rain and mud, the heroic little band came

in sight of Rivas about the hour of noon on June 29, wet, ragged and footsore. Halting only long enough to give the necessary orders to the officers, Walker charged at the head of his command against a stronghold where his own men were known to be outnumbered twenty to one.

"The life blood in torrents spurts high as the head,
The living confusedly mix with the dead,
The foot as it moves stumbles over the slain,
While the conflict 'gins raging more wildly again."

In a moment there was a hand-to-hand struggle where valor contended against numbers. To add to the dangers already in sight, Colonel Ramirez and his native contingent deserted without firing a shot, which was learned afterwards to have been the secret instructions of General Munoz to Ramirez before the latter left Leon. From door to door and from house to house the unequal struggle went on for four long bloody hours, and a number of Walker's bravest officers were slain. First, the gallant Lieutenant Colonel Achilles Kewen fell with a bullet through his heart; then the intrepid boy-soldier, Major Timothy Crocker, with the red blood gushing from his mouth, and a smile on his girl-like face, reeled and fell to rise no more. Dead and wounded men lay on all sides. Walker paid the highest tribute to the memories of Kewen and Crocker, when he wrote: "But it was not by numbers that the loss of the Americans was to be computed. The chivalrous spirit of Kewen would weigh against a host of common men; and the death of Crocker was a loss not to be repaired. A boy in appearance, with a slight figure and a face almost feminine in its delicacy and beauty, he had the heart of a lion."

At last the Americans were driven at bay in a large house at the intersection of a cross street, and the enemy, reinforced by Colonel Manuel Bosque with several hundred men, prepared to assault Walker and his men and destroy them by mere force of numbers.

This was near the hour of 4 p. m., and the situation of the little band was desperate in the extreme. Deserted by their native allies, with many of their officers lying dead, and many of the bravest of the men either dead or wounded, the annihilation of the Americans seemed a matter of only a few moments. The bugles and drums of the enemy were filling the air with triumphal notes for the final assault.

But in all this noise and confusion and exultation of the enemy in anticipation of victory, Walker never for an instant lost his serenity and confidence; nor could his closest friends who stood at his side at this trying moment detect the slightest change in his countenance, voice or demeanor. He was to all appearances as calm and unmoved as the walls of the house in which his little band stood and awaited the assault which every heart knew was coming.

Finally, it did come, and with it a thousand balls crashed into the walls, doors and windows, while a picked body of the enemy rushed for the main entrance. Walker, Hornsby, Markham and a dozen other heroic spirits met this assault with sword and pistol in hand, and after a desperate hand to hand struggle beat off their assailants or killed them on the doorsteps.

If Walker's chances were desperate before this assault, they were doubly so now, for his men from wounds and fighting were becoming exhausted. Seeing that the enemy was preparing to repeat the as-

sault, and also to fire the building, Walker gave the order for the Americans to cut their way out. In the meanwhile the enemy, having received reinforcements, had formed its lines all round the Americans, and was preparing to close in and crush them with brute strength.

With pistols and swords in hand, the little band of Americans stood with Walker and his officers at its head, prepared for the sortie. Then with yells and curses they leaped from the house into the street, and fell like tigers upon the enemy's ranks, and literally cut their way through blood and bone out of and beyond the city, the enemy giving way on all sides, as though some supernatural terror had seized upon them. This dash for life and liberty was unexpected, and its swiftness so completely paralyzed their antagonists that the latter fled in dismay, nor did they recover their senses and courage in time to harass Walker and his men by pursuit. The Americans marched until midnight, when they camped near the Transit road on a little hilltop; fewer than forty of the brave and dauntless men that entered Rivas answered that midnight roll call.

After the retreat of the Americans, the Legitimist army, true to its Spanish instincts, murdered the wounded which the fortunes of war had left defenseless on the battlefield, and burned the bodies of the dead slain in honorable battle.

Next day the retreat was continued to San Juan del Sur where it was expected that the brig *Vesta* would be in waiting, and which had been ordered to cruise off the harbor until the fate of the battle was known. Failing to get any tidings of the vessel, Walker seized the Costa Rican brig *San Jose,* and putting his men aboard, went in search of the *Vesta.*

When Walker and his command reached San Juan del Sur on the afternoon of June 30, prior to going on board the *San Jose,* they presented a sorrowful sight, many of them being hatless, shoeless, and their clothing torn into shreds; some were covered with blood, others limping from their wounds, and some carrying their arms in improvised slings, all presenting a picture such as may be seen only after a battle has been lost. But among them not a heart quailed, nor did a sigh of regret escape the lips of any man, save for the gallant dead left behind; each clung to his revolver and his rifle with the same love and affection as would hold one to the dearest object of life, for none knew at what moment the overwhelming masses of a victorious enemy might be hurled against the retreating army. Hearts grew strong, however, in the solemn resolution and covenant that nothing should remain undone in the wreaking of vengeance upon those who had slain and mutilated the brave ones whose blood reddened the streets of Rivas. The battlefields of Nicaragua show only too well how devoutly this pledge was kept.

Ordinary men would have abandoned all hope after such an initial disaster, but the loss of a battle, however disheartening, never for a moment caused Walker to hesitate in the prosecution of his designs. If he mourned the result at Rivas, no one learned it from his speech or countenance. Doubtless he deeply felt it, but the faculty of keeping his own counsel and preserving the most placid and mild demeanor under the greatest tribulations never for once forsook him; this peculiarity was not an affectation, but was as naturally a part of the man as the flesh and blood that composed his body. What other men deemed obstacles

insurmountable, Walker put aside with a wave of his hand.

Thus ended in defeat, but not in disgrace, the first conflict of arms between *La Falange Americana* and the Legitimist army, and to all appearances the latter was left to dominate the whole of the Meridional Department. That the situation was misjudged, subsequent events soon showed, for Walker returned and made them dance to a martial tune they had never heard.

While Walker and his men were resting and recuperating their strength on board the *San Jose* off San Juan del Sur, the barracks on shore were seen one night to burst suddenly into flames, the glow reddening the sky and resting upon the heaving waters of the ocean. Walker and one or two of his officers were sitting on the quarter deck when the flames were discovered.

An officer was sent immediately to ascertain the cause, and it was found that Sam, a sailor, and Dewey, a desperado wanted for crimes committed in California and elsewhere, had fired the town for the purpose of robbery, knowing that it would be charged to Walker and his men, which would protect the actual incendiaries from suspicion. The sailor owned a launch which he used in trading along the coast, and which at that time lay tied to the stern of the *San Jose*.

The sailor was captured and brought before Walker, to whom he made complete confession of the whole affair. Walker ordered him to be taken ashore and shot at once, and thereafter a notice pinned to his clothing, telling by whose order and for what cause he had been executed. The night was dark, and the squad sent to execute the man let him escape, the manner of it never being fully known.

Dewey was less fortunate. He refused to surrender, and took refuge in the hold of the launch a few minutes before the *San Jose* weighed anchor and started out to sea, with the launch trailing behind. In the launch with Dewey was the mulatto mistress of the sailor. Upon Dewey's refusal to surrender, Walker stationed a number of picked riflemen where they could command the launch, and ordered them to fire upon Dewey the moment he attempted to cut loose from the *San Jose;* the woman was warned repeatedly to keep out of sight, as no attempt would be made to shield her should it become necessary to fire at Dewey.

As the *San Jose* was hugging the coast, Dewey suddenly emerged from the hold of the launch, with a pistol in each hand, determined to cut loose and escape, or die in the attempt. Two rifle shots rang out on the deck of the *San Jose,* and Dewey tumbled backward, with a bullet in his brain, down into the hold of the launch, still holding his pistols in a death grip. Unfortunately, one of the two balls that struck Dewey passed through his body and badly injured the woman whom he had forced to advance before him when he came from the hold. The woman was taken aboard the *San Jose,* and her wound dressed; she recovered.

Dewey's body was sheeted, and with its feet weighted, the corpse of the desperado was dropped over the rail of the *San Jose,* and disappeared forever in the depths of the blue Pacific.

At a glance this incident may have the appearance of a barbarous act on the part of Colonel Walker, but it should be remembered that there was no civil or criminal court open for the trial of such men as Dewey, and to turn him loose was to proclaim to the country that Walker approved of the wanton burning and pil-

lage of towns and cities. The property destroyed by fire at San Juan del Sur belonged mostly to private citizens in sympathy with the Legitimists, and who therefore were enemies of the Americans.

Soon after this tragedy, the brig *Vesta* was sighted and overhauled and Walker's forces transferred to her, to the relief of the commander of the Costa Rican vessel who was glad to escape from his temporary war service. Early in the morning of July 1, the *Vesta* cast anchor at Realejo. Here Colonel Walker made his report of the battle of June 29 at Rivas, and openly charged General Munoz with conniving at his defeat, and demanded that the conduct of Munoz be investigated by a court of inquiry.

Walker was so incensed that he threatened to withdraw the Phalanx from further military service. President Castellon was greatly distressed, and almost on his knees begged Walker not to abandon the cause of the Democrats. He even sent General Mariano Salazar, one of the most powerful Democratic leaders, to implore Walker to abandon his threat. Walker finally yielded, landed his troops, and marched to Leon, leaving his wounded at Chinandega.

President Castellon was extremely gracious to Walker, and by diplomacy brought Walker and General Munoz together in a personal interview; the two men disliked each other so thoroughly, however, that they parted without becoming friends. Walker proposed that if President Castellon would assign him two hundred native troops, with officers of Walker's own choosing, he would return with the Phalanx and wrest the Meridional Department from the enemy. General Munoz objected to this arrangement, and again insisted upon dividing the Americans into small bodies and placing them under native officers.

This greatly enraged Walker who declared emphatically that it should not be done. The situation grew critical, and for a short time the Americans were in danger. With less than fifty men, many miles away from their vessel—their only hope of escape in case of defeat, should there be an encounter—Walker and his Phalanx were surrounded by twenty times their own number, with the general in chief of the Democratic army demanding a dismemberment of his command that could result only in placing the Americans at his mercy. To add to the sinister outlook, General Munoz ordered 400 or 500 native soldiers to take position in buildings opposite and close to the American quarters.

It was impossible for any one to mistake what this meant. Walker, however, betrayed no sign of alarm, and quietly ordered his men to stay in their quarters and be ready with their arms for instant action. After doing this, Walker sent an aide to Castellon to inform him that if the native troops were not removed within one hour, he would regard them as hostiles, and act accordingly.

It is not believed that Castellon knew of this action of General Munoz, for within less than an hour, the native troops were withdrawn by order of the President. Ox-carts which had been promised Walker for transportation were driven to his quarters, and the Phalanx marched out of Leon without molestation, and took the road to Chinandega.

CHAPTER III.

WALKER TAKES GRANADA.

New Contract—Return to Meridional Department—General Guardiola—Battle of La Virgen—Wins Victory—Captures City of Granada—Shooting of Mayorga—Treaty of Peace—Shooting of General Corral.

While Walker was in camp at Chinandega, President Castellon, fearful that Walker would leave Nicaragua with his troops, sent a new contract to Walker by Colonel Byron Cole, more liberal in many respects than the one that had brought the Americans to Central America, and requested that the new contract be accepted and the old one returned. Walker promptly accepted the new contract. Under its provisions the Americans were each to receive $100 a month, and 500 acres of land at the close of the campaign. Castellon also gave Walker authority to settle all disputes and accounts between the Nicaraguan government and the Accessory Transit Company, besides full authority to proceed to the Meridional Department with his own command and such native troops as he desired.

Walker fully recognized the fact that if he was to receive accessions to his forces, and other supplies, from the United States, it was imperative that the Transit Route should be kept open at any cost. He, therefore, began instant preparation for his return to the Department where he had fought his first battle and met his first defeat.

It was necessary, however, that his men should be provided with ammunition, of which they stood in absolute need, the supply of lead at Leon being almost

exhausted. The only lead at Chinandega was held by an Englishman who refused to sell it to Walker, though the latter made full legal tender of its value. Walker put a guard over the Englishman's establishment, and all his lead was seized and taken to camp. The Englishman protested, claiming the protection of the British flag, but without avail. Walker's firmness and audacity startled and impressed the natives, who had long yielded in every way to the British consul and to British traders.

Everything was now ready for a forward movement, and about the middle of August, 1855, Colonel Jose Maria Valle, a brave and trustworthy native officer, joined the Phalanx with one hundred men, and Walker marched to Realejo and went aboard the *Vesta,* landed at San Juan del Sur on the night of August 29, and on September 2 marched to La Virgen.

When it became known that the Transit Route was to be the stage of Walker's military movements, several Americans who were in Nicaragua and a few natives joined his command, swelling his forces to fifty Americans and one hundred and twenty natives, a total of one hundred and seventy men all told, when they were assembled at La Virgen.

The city of Rivas, nine miles from La Virgen, was garrisoned by 1100 Legitimists under the command of General Guardiola, "The Butcher." Walker had no artillery. Hardly had his men eaten their scanty breakfast on the morning of September 3, before the pickets on the Transit road were driven in by a large force under the command of Guardiola himself. Learning of the small number of men under Walker, Guardiola fully expected to bag the whole party, and boasted that he would "drive El Filibusteros into the lake and drown them and save his ammunition."

Guardiola's command contained more than 700 trained soldiers, and they came into the village with a rush and a yell, and the fight was soon general in every quarter, the natives under Valle and Mendez fighting like Trojans, shoulder to shoulder with the Americans, and winning the highest praise from Walker who, from former experiences, had entertained no exalted opinion of the Spanish-Americans as fighters.

Walker was hit twice and knocked off his feet both times, but remained on the field—once a spent ball struck him in the throat, and the second pierced a package of letters in his coat pocket, his life being saved probably by the latter good fortune. It was a most bitterly contested engagement, both sides manifesting the greatest intrepidity, now retreating and again rallying to the charge, until finally that portion immediately opposed to the forces led by Walker himself began giving way, and soon was in complete rout.

Instead of following the fugitives, Walker led his men to the support of Valle and Mendez, who were sorely pressed by superior numbers under the command of Colonel Bosque, who rode a large white horse. This was the same officer who came with timely reinforcements at Rivas when the Americans cut their way out of that city on June 29. He was a conspicuous figure, and a magnificent specimen of manhood as he sat on his white charger, waving his sword and urging his men to advance.

A couple of riflemen of the Phalanx stepped to the front, and horse and rider went down to rise no more; for a moment the column he had been leading so gallantly wavered, and then broke into full retreat, closely pressed by Valle, Mendez and the Phalanx. Hence-

forth, it was a scramble to get away; the defeat was so thorough and disastrous that the enemy fled to the forest, and escaped in squads without officers and in a frenzy of disorder. General Guardiola was practically alone when he reached Rivas.

Eighty of the enemy's dead were found in the village and buried, while as many more were seen lying in the outskirts. The losses in dead and wounded by the Legitimist army exceeded the total strength of Walker's command; in addition, Walker captured many prisoners. All of Guardiola's artillery, and most of his small arms and stores fell into the hands of the Phalanx and its allies. The moral effect of this victory over such odds was tremendous, and its importance to Walker could hardly be overestimated. Unfortunately, however, President Castellon, beloved both by the Phalanx and his own people, died of cholera at Leon at the same hour the news of the great victory became known to its inhabitants. Notwithstanding this mournful event, the whole city of Leon and all the Occidental Department put on the habiliments of rejoicing, and the bells of the cathedrals throughout the city, and the Department, filled the air with their clanging chimes.

One of the singular features of this battle was the fact that while many men of the Phalanx were wounded, some dangerously, not one was killed. The native troops, however, suffered heavily. This was due to the fact that the position they held was the one against which Colonel Arguello and Colonel Bosque led their columns in repeated charges.

Walker's forces now alternated between La Virgen and San Juan del Sur until October 11. General Ponciano Corral, commander in chief, arrived at Rivas and took personal command of the Legitimist army.

Word was brought to Walker at San Juan del Sur that Corral with his whole army was moving in his direction for the purpose of attacking him in that town. Walker promptly moved his forces out on the Transit road to the half-way house, placed them in ambush, and awaited Corral's approach, but Corral, having received notice that Walker was moving with the purpose of attacking him in his stronghold, immediately returned to Rivas, where he awaited battle. Walker, however, had no thought of such an enterprise.

It may be observed at this point that almost without exception the battles in this campaign were fought inside cities, which brought combatants at close quarters and resulted in bloody and desperate personal encounters; and to this may be attributed the many fatalities. Once fortified inside the walls of stone or adobe buildings, a small body of men for a long time could resist successfully the attack of a larger number of troops. Often the besiegers literally hewed and hacked their way through the walls, exposed to the deadly aim of sharpshooters whose rifles cracked from improvised portholes.

A few days after this demonstration of the two armies, a messenger with important dispatches for Corral was captured. Walker read the dispatches and forwarded them to Corral, with a note saying that though the dispatches were harmless, they might be of some value to Corral, and for that reason were transmitted.

The information in the dispatches, however, was of the highest importance to Walker, and he conceived the daring scheme of capturing the city of Granada, the capital of the Legitimist government.

Granada had withstood an eight months' siege by General Jerez and the entire Democratic army. Walker knew that the accomplishment of his design required the utmost secrecy, promptness and celerity; less precaution meant defeat; while plans well executed would bow the proud city of the Chamorrista in the dust.

It was more than seventy miles overland to Granada, and any movement along that line would result in disaster; moreover, Corral, only nine miles distant, would know of the first step and follow closely in the rear. Walker dismissed any thought of that route.

The fact that Walker had read the dispatches disarmed Corral of suspicion that the commander of the Phalanx had any designs upon Granada. Indeed, the enterprise was so bold that it is doubtful if the Legitimist general even thought of it.

On the morning of October 11 Walker moved his entire force to La Virgen, placed pickets at every approach to the town, and permitted no person to leave or enter it. Captain C. C. Hornsby, afterwards brigadier general, was ordered to keep a lookout for the steamer *La Virgen,* belonging to the Accessory Transit Company, and used in freight and passenger traffic on Lake Nicaragua.

It was not long before the vessel steamed into sight, and made fast at the wharf. Captain Hornsby went on board and took possession of her, and soon afterwards Walker and his entire command were being carried in the direction of Granada. Captain Scott, master of the vessel, then was told what his capture and impressment meant. The native officers and soldiers were overjoyed when they heard that they were being led to the assault of Granada, hugging and kissing each other, and shaking hands with the delighted "Filibusteros."

The Spanish-American is naturally warm-hearted, and if not crossed, of generous impulses. When he hates, he hates with all his might; he loves intensely. His spirits are at fever heat, or frozen with despair. He is a bundle of nerves strung to the fullest tension. Inevitably, however, there is treachery in his blood. His impulses are so strong that it is impossible for him to remain neutral. The lust of Walker's native troops for the blood of the hated Granadinos was so strong that it was with difficulty that the men could be controlled.

The steamer appeared off Granada at 10 o'clock on the night of October 12, and all the lights on board were hidden by the lowering of her canvas curtains. At 3 a. m. her anchor was dropped noiselessly three miles north of the city, and the troops were landed in the steamer's iron launch in an hour's time.

The march began as quietly as possible, Colonel Ubaldo Herrera acting as guide, followed by Colonel Walker and the Phalanx, with the gaunt form of Colonel Hornsby at its head; next came the native troops under the command of the gallant old chief, Colonel Valle, affectionately called "Chelon" by the natives, and who bore on his body more than fifty saber cuts and rifle wounds.

The first streaks of dawn were shining in the east when the advance column reached Cocos, and there deflected that it might enter the doomed city by way of the San Francisco cathedral, one of the largest and most massive structures in Granada. The sun was breaking in its tropical splendor upon the lofty crest of the volcano Ometepe, rising like a mighty obelisk above the blue waters of Lake Nicaragua, when the patriot column swept past the cathedral and into

the headquarters' arsenal and garrison, which were captured almost without resistance, and on to the plaza and the buildings that looked upon it.

The surprise was so complete that when the alarm was sounded the entire city was in possession of the invading army, the enemy dashing in every direction to escape, men and officers, in many instances, abandoning all their personal belongings and fleeing in their night clothes. Captured officers and soldiers declared that they had been without thought of impending danger, and were sleeping in the confidence of perfect security. In the scramble to get away, a few Legitimist officers and privates were killed, and many prisoners, among them several high government officials, were captured. Walker did not lose a man. Large quantities of arms, ammunition, and quartermaster's and commissary stores fell into the hands of the victors.

No effort was made to recapture the lost capital. Thus, in the short space of one hour, on October 13, 1855, the proud capital of the Chamorrista had fallen, and the prestige of the Legitimist government broken, if not destroyed.

During the forenoon the frightened natives remained indoors. They had been told that the Americans were fiends given to rapine and pillage, and that murder was their occupation. Peeping from their barred windows as the day wore on, the Granadians were astonished at the quiet demeanor of the Phalanx, and amazed at the sight of their punishing those found guilty of violence and outrage; they gradually took courage, opened their doors, and shortly were mingling with the strangers in the greatest concord. Even the black-eyed senoritas deigned to

cast sly glances at the Americans, and many a good fellow availed himself of the opportunity to enlarge his knowledge of the Spanish language under these bewitching influences.

While the American element exercised gentleness and kindness under the orders of their chief, it was difficult to infuse this spirit into the temper of the native soldiers who were accustomed from long usage under their factional leaders to kill their captives and confiscate their property. Hence, strong measures had to be employed in protecting the defenseless adherents of the Legitimist party. Even the old chief Chelon, smarting under his many wounds, and hungering for revenge, could not see the justice of this kindness and forbearance, and demanded that he be allowed to kill a few of the Granadians, in reprisal for wrongs that had been heaped upon him in other days. It was only when Walker pointed to his own sword and told the old chief that he was commander and that he would punish all, high or low, who presumed to disobey his orders, that the veteran consented to withhold his hand from slaughter.

Later, however, when Don Dionisio Chamorra and Don Loribio Jerez, of the Legitimist government, surrendered, and were released by Walker, the old chief espied them in the street, and ordered them to follow him to Walker's quarters. Upon their arrival, Chelon was in a towering rage, and demanded that they be turned over to him to be instantly shot. Colonel Walker tried to reason with this old man of scars who stood with flaming face, insistent and uncompromising; finally losing patience, Walker turned to him suddenly and in a low voice said that if one hair of the heads of the two men were touched in violence, or the

slightest indignity offered to either of them, Chelon himself would be shot. The old man left fuming with rage, but his love for Walker was greater than his indignation, and when his passion had subsided he was as ready as ever to do his duty as a soldier.

Among the Legitimists captured at Granada was Don Mateo Mayorga, Secretary of Foreign Relations of the Estrada cabinet. He was put upon his parole at the house of the American Minister, Mr. Wheeler, and treated with much consideration. When it was observed how mildly Don Mayorga was restrained of his liberty, other Legitimist leaders surrendered themselves, and were released upon their paroles. It looked as if permanent peace had come to this long distracted country.

Walker was petitioned by a large number of citizens of Nicaragua, both Democrats and Legitimists, to assume the Presidency, but he declined. A commission of influential persons, Don Hilario Selva, Don Rosario Vivas, Don Juan Jerez, and Mr. Wheeler, the American Minister, was appointed to visit Rivas, and endeavor to effect terms of peace with General Corral. Upon their arrival at Rivas, it was found that Corral had marched in the direction of Granada. Mr. Wheeler and his two secretaries were arrested and detained two days, after which they were released and the entire party, with the exception of a man named Ruiz, who violated his parole and fled to Costa Rica, returned to Granada. The commission failed in its mission.

Hundreds of the leading adherents of the Legitimist government, with large numbers of the clergy, were now coming to Walker in the most effusive manner congratulating him upon the success of his arms, professing the warmest fealty and attachment to the

new order of things, and declaring that they would exert all their influence to maintain a lasting peace.

Upon the arrival of the San Francisco steamer at San Juan del Sur, October 17, Parker H. French, B. D. Fry, Chas. Trumbull, Edward J. Sanders, S. C. Asten, and sixty recruits, arrived to take service in the army. With all the recruits they marched overland to La Virgen without molestation by the enemy, who were in heavy force at Rivas, only nine miles away. This should be borne in mind to judge the character of the enemy as it was manifested a few days later.

When the lake steamer with the passengers arrived at Fort San Carlos, it was deemed unwise to attempt to reach Toro rapids, and the steamer proceeded to Granada, where the recruits were put ashore, after which the passengers were carried to La Virgen, to await further transportation. In this situation, with Walker's army sixty miles distant, these defenseless passengers were attacked by a body of soldiers from the Legitimist army at Rivas, and a number killed and wounded. Mr. Cortland Cushing, the Accessory Transit Company's agent, was captured and taken to Rivas, where he was compelled to pay a ransom of $2,000. Passengers from New York were fired upon from Fort San Carlos, a woman and her child killed, and others wounded. This violation of the rules of civilized warfare was to meet with fitting retribution.

When the news of these wanton crimes reached Walker he prepared for severe retaliation. On the morning of October 22, 1855, he ordered Don Mateo Mayorga to be shot in the plaza of Granada. The execution took place under the direction of Colonel Ubalda Herrera, in command of a detail of Leonese soldiers. Moralists will not justify this execution, and

may denounce it as murder; they should not lose sight of the fact, however, that the condition of society as then existing in Nicaragua required summary measures to enforce respect for law and the usages of civilized warfare, and that hundreds of lives of innocent persons hung upon Walker's power to compel obedience to the laws of war, to the rights of the people, and to the conscience of civilization. Innocent men and women travelling to other lands had been brutally shot down by a bloodthirsty soldiery simply because they were Americans; if nothing had been done to discourage such acts, Walker and his followers and the government he was then serving would have merited the contempt and execration of the civilized world.

While these atrocities were being investigated, and every means employed to prevent their repetition, there were stirring times at Masaya, a city twelve miles distant from Granada. General Corral had arrived there with the greater part of his army, and General Martinez, with another large force, was at the city of Managua, between Masaya and Leon, where he was held in check by an irregular force under General Pineda and Colonel Mendez. Thus the two armies stood facing each other on the morning of the execution of Don Mateo Mayorga. Other members of the Estrada cabinet and of the Legitimist army were held by Walker at Granada, and in addition he was giving protection and showing chivalrous respect to the daughters of General Corral. The execution of Mayorga caused the greatest uneasiness in the mind of General Corral, and although he had disclaimed any responsibility for the conduct of the Legitimist savages at La Virgen and Fort San Carlos, he was in a frame of mind to accept what a few days before he had re-

jected with scorn, and when Don Pedro Rouhaud, a French citizen, bore to him a note from General Walker making clear why Mayorga had been shot, and declaring that all the Legitimists and their families in Granada would be held as hostages for the future conduct of their leaders, Corral's reply was most conciliatory.

General Corral promptly signified his willingness to treat with Colonel Walker for peace, and prepared and sent to Walker by the hand of M. Rouhaud a friendly communication, asking for a conference. Walker named October 23 as the time for the conference. On the morning of that day Colonel D. B. Fry with an escort repaired to the vicinity of Masaya where he met the Legitimist general and escorted him to Granada.

When the cavalcade arrived at the outskirts of the city, it was met by Colonel Walker and his staff, and the two commanders entered the city together. The meeting of the two chiefs was formal rather than cordial; as they rode side by side on two coal black steeds down the great thoroughfare to the public square, the eyes of the whole city were turned upon them. Every place of observation was crowded with men, women and children, decked out in holiday attire and counting their beads in thankfulness and joy at the prospect of peace—a peace they had so long waited and prayed for.

The Spanish mind is ever responsive to its immediate surroundings, and to impress Corral with the strength and power of the American forces, arms had been placed in the hands of several hundred passengers temporarily detained at Granada on their way across Nicaragua, and they were drawn up in line

with the regulars as the calvacade entered and passed along the plaza and dismounted on the broad marble pavement in front of the Cathedral Cabildo. Corral carried full authority from the Legitimist government to consummate the treaty without referring it back to his government for ratification.

By the terms of the treaty Don Patricio Rivas was appointed provisional President for a period of fourteen months. Walker was made commander-in-chief of the Nicaraguan army. Certain officers on both sides were to retain their rank, all debts of the two warring governments were to become the debts of the Republic, all badges were to be discarded, and in their place the troops were to wear a blue ribbon with the words "Nicaragua Independiente" blazoned on it. The Americans were to remain in the military service, General Martinez to continue in command at Managua, and General Xatruch at Rivas. Corral suggested and prepared the terms of the treaty; the only article proposed by Walker was that concerning the constitution of 1838 relating to naturalization, which at his request was retained. Walker was without power to negotiate the treaty definitely, and it was sent to Leon for ratification. In the meanwhile orders had been sent to the various departments to cease hostilities. General Corral went to Masaya to await the ratification of the treaty at Leon.

The treaty having been ratified, October 29 was named as the day upon which General Corral should enter Granada with his army and surrender under the terms of the treaty. At about 11 o'clock a. m. he entered the city by the Masaya road, and was received in the plaza in front of the Cathedral Cabildo. Walker's forces, both native and American, were

formed in line across the plaza in position to command the arsenal and barracks, and instructed to be constantly on the alert for signs of treachery, a thing greatly feared by the natives, and not entirely absent from the minds of the Americans; fortunately, this fear was groundless. A wide space or avenue was left between the two armies as they stood facing each other. Presently, the two commanders approached on horseback from opposite directions, and amidst the shouts of the people and the roar of cannon, saluted, after which they embraced and dismounted; arm in arm they passed down a lane of bayonets and entered the cathedral.

During this interesting military prelude to the ceremonies that were to follow, the houses on all sides of the great square, and every avenue entering into it, were crowded with people, decked in fantastic costumes, shouting and singing, and hurrahing in a delirium of joy. Beautiful and graceful women attired in gay and costly gowns mingled with the crowds in the streets, and age and youth laughed and wept for joy, even the solemn priest leaving his chancel and doffing his cowl to join in the hilarity that was breaking in waves over the city.

As the two chieftains entered the door of the Cabildo, they were met by Father Vigil and conducted to the altar. Don Patricio Rivas, who had been chosen as provisional President, was already there, and all three knelt at the altar while the Te Deum was chanted by the choir. Then the holy Father poured forth a fervid invocation to the Almighty in behalf of his people and their distracted country. The cathedral was filled with officers in brilliant uniforms, handsome and magnificently con-

tumed women, statesman in sober black, and a vast concourse of civilians.

Within the railing was placed a table on which rested the golden candlesticks and burning tapers, the crucifix and the open Bible. At a signal Don Patricio Rivas approached and knelt at the table and received the oath of office from Father Vigil; then came General Corral and Colonel Walker, who knelt and solemnly swore to observe and defend with their lives and property the treaty of October 23. The holy Father, his voice and hand shaking with emotion, then blessed the two commanding generals. This scene is described minutely because of the tragedy that followed within a few days.

On the morning of October 31, General Jerez arrived from Leon bearing Walker's commission as brigadier general in the army of the Republic. President Rivas proceeded at once to the selection of his cabinet, naming General Ponciano Corral to be Minister of War; Don Maximo Jerez, Minister of Relations; Don Fermin Ferrer, Minister of Public Credit, and Parker H. French, Minister of Hacienda. General Walker was appointed and commissioned major-general and commander-in-chief of the army of the Republic, and on November 4 General Corral's troops were disbanded, and only the native Democrats and the Americans retained in the service.

It should be borne in mind that the act of October 23 was the solemn will of the people expressed through their constituted authorities, and was therefore a sovereign act of the Republic of Nicaragua, stripped of every vestige or appearance of usurpation, and no one inside or outside the Republic could justly charge that the Americans were domiciled in that country and en-

gaged in its military service in an unlawful manner.

Despite the imposing ceremonies and the sacred oaths given in the cathedral, with God himself as witness, discovery was made only a few days later that the Minister of War, General Corral, was engaged in a conspiracy to overthrow the government he had sworn to protect and defend. Colonel Valle, "Chelon," brought to General Walker on the morning of November 5 a package of letters written by General Corral to the enemies of the Republic, appealing to them for help to drive Walker and the Americans out of the country. These letters were addressed to leading Legitimists; one to General Guardiola, "The Butcher," an arch enemy of the Americans, is herewith reproduced:

"My Esteemed Friend:—It is necessary that you write your friends to advise them of the danger we are in, and that they work actively. If they delay two months, there will not then be time. Think of us and your offers. I salute your lady, and commend your friend, who esteems you and kisses your hand.

"P. CORRAL."

Then followed this postscript:—"Nicaragua is lost; lost Honduras, San Salvador and Guatemala, if they let this get body. Let them come quickly if they would meet auxiliaries."

There was no ambiguity about this. It was to the point. The oath Corral had taken less than six days before was false, and in his heart at the very moment he was kneeling before the Holy Crucifix and invoking God's displeasure if he ever prove untrue to the government, he was contemplating treason.

Without loss of time, General Walker requested the ministers of state to meet him in the presence of President Rivas, Corral himself being invited, though he little suspected the reason. A number of the more prominent citizens of the Republic were asked to attend.

When all had assembled, Corral was confronted with his treason. The whole cabinet was dumfounded, and Corral was speechless with astonishment, and at the doom that he knew awaited him. He offered no excuse, nor did he deny having written the letters. He was placed under arrest, and taken to prison; the entire city and all the approaches to it were patrolled by military guards. Orders were issued for the arrest of General Martinez at Managua, but he had received warning of what was happening at Granada, and fled instantly to Honduras.

A court martial was speedily convened to try Corral, its members being Colonel C. C. Hornsby, president, Colonel D. B. Fry, judge advocate, and Parker H. French, counsel for the accused. Corral made little or no defense, throwing himself upon the mercy of the court. He was found guilty and sentenced to be shot. General Walker approved the sentence, and it was carried into execution on November 8—Corral sat with his back against the wall of the Cathedral in which only eight days earlier he had sworn allegiance to the government he sought to betray.

Lieutenant Colonel Gillman had charge of the execution. General Corral was a favorite among the people of his party, and was esteemed and respected for his high qualities by his political enemies. His summary death created a profound impression throughout the Republic.

Walker was bitterly, and I think, unjustly denounced by the press of the United States for Corral's execution, which was denounced as "brutal murder" by the same journals that approved the shooting of Mayorga. In the case of Corral a regularly constituted court had passed sentence upon him, and Walker simply sustained the findings of the court. In the case of Mayorga, no court sat to try him, no witnesses were called, and no jury passed judgment. Walker issued the order to shoot him, and he was shot by a squad of soldiers. Mayorga was a captive enemy on parole, and had violated no oath or rule his captors had imposed upon him. The soldiers of his government had shot down unarmed and innocent American citizens passing through the Republic, deeds of blood which he probably condemned and deplored. As to Corral, public sentiment in Nicaragua, even in the Democratic ranks, was not agreed as to the wisdom or necessity of his death, and it appears that General Walker himself felt that some sort of defense was due the public, and he said in justification of Corral's execution: "The prisoner was found guilty on all the charges and specifications, and the sentence was death; but the court unanimously recommended him to the commander-in-chief. The general-in-chief, however, considered that mercy in this case to one would be injustice to many."

How could the treaty of October 23 continue to have the force of law, and to command the respect and obedience of the people if the first violation of it, and that, too, by one of the men that had signed it, were permitted to go unpunished? General Walker considered the question of policy as clearly and unequivocally as he did the question of justice.

The moment the sentence became public a strong effort was made to save the life of the unhappy General. His daughters, accompanied by Father Vigil and a large number of influential citizens, hastened to General Walker, and with tears and lamentations begged for mercy. "But he who looks only at present grief, and forgets the thousand-fold sorrows that may follow unwise pardon, is unfitted for the discharge of great public affairs;" as hard as General Walker found it to be to resist these supplications, he declined to set aside the decree of death.

The ministry of war made vacant by the execution of Corral was given at once to Don Buenaventura Selva, and the Rivas government was formally recognized by Mr. Wheeler, United States resident minister, though without the subsequent approval of the United States government.

From this time until March, 1856, peace prevailed throughout the Republic, and there was not an armed enemy within its borders. President Rivas issued a proclamation inviting Americans and others to come to Nicaragua, and supplemented this invitation with a decree offering adults 250 acres of land, with an additional 100 acres to married persons; all personal effects, farming implements and domestic animals were to be admitted free of duty. Mr. A. W. Fabans, a man of high character, was appointed commissioner of immigration, and a state journal, *El Nicaraguense,* half in English and half in Spanish, was established in Granada which, by decree, had been made the capital.

Although these administrative overtures were tending to establish the government upon a fixed and solid basis, and the American element as a part of the social and political fabric of the Republic, conditions

were arising through the machinations of aliens which seemed to forbode the destruction of the Republic, and which the author believes were the beginning of the downfall of Walker, and led ultimately to the expulsion of the American element from the country.

The Accessory Transit Company, represented by Cornelius Vanderbilt, C. K. Garrison and G. H. Morgan, had failed in maintaining its contract with Nicaragua, and the Rivas government declared the franchise forfeited, and took possession of the company's lake and river steamers, and other property within the Republic, pending an adjustment of the controversy.

While there was not the slightest doubt of the justice of the claims put forward by the Rivas government, yet doubtless it would have been wiser to submit to the wrong temporarily, as it was by means of the steamers of the Accessory Transit Company that the government received its recruits and all its war supplies; after its property had been confiscated, the Transit Company made no effort to resume operations, and only such supplies could be carried into Nicaragua as might be smuggled past the United States revenue cutter service.

In the light of subsequent events it would have been better to have recognized the potency of this strong corporation, and waited until the Rivas government was on a firmer foundation; unfortunately, Walker was not made of the material that would bow the suppliant knee to wrong in any quarter, much less to an arrogant corporation.

United States Minister Wheeler, in the meantime, had gone to Washington to make known the actual conditions then existing in Nicaragua, and to exercise

what influence he could in having the Rivas government formally recognized.

While Wheeler was in Washington, Father Vigil, a man of learning and sagacity, was appointed minister to the United States, and sent to Washington. Father Vigil spoke to deaf ears. Commodore Vanderbilt and his colleagues exerted an influence upon the Secretary of State that could not be overcome by the lone priest from Nicaragua.

Confronted with this situation, the American element in Nicaragua found the outlook far from hopeful, though there was still peace and tranquility. The Americans were aware that the surrounding Central American republics were hostile, and preparing for their destruction. All supplies of men and munitions of war had been cut off; yellow fever and cholera were thinning their ranks with no less certainty than they had been weakened by shot and shell; it was an hour when even the bravest might look with dread upon the future. But stout were the hearts that beat responsive to the slightest wish of the "Grey-eyed Man of Destiny;" inured to danger, not a man weakened, nor did a lip express the slightest misgivings of ultimate triumph—to them Walker was a hero upon whom the lightnings of battle fell harmless.

CHAPTER IV.

MY GOING TO NICARAGUA.

The Author's Youth—California Goldfielder—For Nicaragua—Steamship *Sierra Nevada*—Trouble on Board—Arrives at Granada—Enters Military Service—Sent to Ometepe—Masaya—Festival San Geronimo.

I was born in a pioneer home, two and a half miles southeast of the village of Paynesville, Pike county, Missouri, September 30, 1830, and was, therefore, a native of "Pike." My father, John Carson Jamison, immigrated to Missouri from North Carolina at an early day.

In the days of my boyhood, the youths of my native state glowed with an ardor for journeying into far places in search of fortune and stirring adventure. The war with Mexico, and the victories of Colonel A. W. Doniphan and Colonel Sterling Price, commanding the Missouri volunteers, had aroused great enthusiasm among the young men. I was living with my cousin on his farm near the little village of Paynesville, when the "Mexican fever," as it was called, seized me and made the blood hot in my breast. I was wild to reach the army and enlist, but two handicaps opposed me: I had no horse nor money with which to buy one. In those days there were no railroads nor telegraph lines in the state. Above all, I was told that I would not be accepted for enlistment, as I was only

sixteen years old. Despair settled upon me at the prospect of remaining in the monotony of farm life.

I never entirely lost hope, however, that something would turn up to carry me to strange lands. I kept secret my dreams, lest my guardian should interpose. Day after day I slipped into the little village and listened eagerly to every bit of news that came from the army. During one of these visits I learned that Governor Edwards had made another requisition for troops, and that a Captain Sallee, of Troy, Lincoln county, had been authorized to raise a company of infantry. I had fancied myself a cavalryman, with jingling spurs and clanking saber, and a long plume in my hat, and yet, rather than forego the possible chance of reaching Mexico, I consented with myself to become an infantryman.

How to reach Troy, thirty miles away, before the full enlistment should be made, was a problem. I was penniless and without a horse. This was Saturday, and late in the afternoon it occurred to me that my old friend, Dr. Easton, who lived two miles south of Paynesville, might lend me a horse, without being too inquisitive about how I wished to use it. Dr. Easton was a fine old gentleman, and after I had travelled afoot to his home, he kindly granted my request.

I started at the break of day on Sunday, and reached the home of Captain Sallee at sunset. I told him my age, of the long distance I had ridden to enlist in the service of my country, and implored him not to reject me. I gazed upon him with unspeakable joy when he told me that he would accept me, and upheld his statement by swearing me into the service. Captain Sallee invited me to stay all

night with him, and as I did not have a cent in my pocket with which to buy food for myself or my horse, and for that reason had intended riding home that night, I gladly accepted his invitation.

Next day I returned home with high hopes, but, alas, they were soon to be shattered, for the President later countermanded the order by which the regiment was being recruited. This was the bitterest grief that had come to me since the death of my father in 1845, which had scattered his children among strangers.

The tales of treasure carried me across the Plains to the goldfields of California in the spring of 1849 I was mining at Georgetown, Eldorado county, five years later, when I heard of Walker's battles in Nicaragua. My blood grew hot at the thought of the stirring adventures that awaited me if I could attach myself to Walker's army. I finally went to San Francisco, got in touch with Walker's representatives, and on December 5, 1855, sailed for San Juan del Sur on the steamship *Sierra Nevada,* Captain Blethen, master. This was shortly before the rupture between the Rivas government and the Accessory Transit Company.

At this age I looked upon life with an enraptured eye; its every prospect charmed me, and in my exuberance of health and strength I asked no odds of time nor fortune—I was six feet one inch tall, and weighed 170 pounds.

The *Sierra Nevada* turned her prow toward summer seas, bearing more than six hundred passengers on their way to their homes in the eastern states; in addition, the *Sierra Nevada* carried several million dollars in gold dust. Life on board was delightful, the men and women happy in the anticipation of meeting those

from whom they had been separated for long years, and in many instances fortunes that insured peace and contentment in declining years were being carried home by men who, until that time, had been poor and unlucky.

On the steamer was Captain Norris with nearly one hundred men, mostly from New York, who had been in the gold fields, and were a dare-devil lot, all bound for Nicaragua, as were forty-six others with whom I had sailed. On the third day out from San Francisco, these forty-six men met on the forecastle, and elected officers. Although I was a stranger to this company, never having seen more than three or four of them until the *Sierra Nevada* sailed, I received forty-four votes for first lieutenant, and was placed in command, the statement being made that Captain Luke was to follow on the next steamer. Charles Pierson was chosen second lieutenant and George Penrose, brevet second lieutenant. This was under the old Scott military tactics giving three lieutenants to infantry companies. Colonel E. J. C. Kewen, a San Francisco lawyer, whose brother, Colonel Achilles Kewen, was killed at the battle of Rivas, June 29, was superintendent of the election.

Second Lieutenant Pierson was a candidate for first lieutenant, and his defeat greatly disappointed him. He had come aboard with a companion named McDonald. I had known the two by sight in the gold-fields, and was aware of the fact that they were suspected of the murder and robbery of a sailor near Georgetown, for whose murderers the state of California had offered a reward of $1,000. There were others aboard whose reputation and bearing did not commend them to honest men.

The *Sierra Nevada* had been whitening the Pacific with her wake of foam for a number of days, when Captain Blethen sent for me in haste, saying that my men were breaking into the steamer's storeroom, their complaint being that their fare was poor and insufficient.

I leaped down a stairway, and tried to prevent my men from entering a narrow, dark passage that led to the storeroom, and at the end of which members of the crew stood with knives, pistols and short swords in their hands, ready to strike down the first man that came within reach. To my dismay, my men began pushing me forward, and I realized instantly that in the darkness I would soon be exposed to the weapons of the determined crew. Drawing my bowie knife, my only means of defense, I turned upon my men, to stop their advance. Fortunately, at this critical moment Colonel Kewen was heard above the uproar announcing that the Captain had given assurance that during the remainder of the voyage the fare would be all that might reasonably be wished. The word was passed down the line of enraged men, and I was released from my involuntary prison.

I called my men together and told them that they were guilty of a great wrong; that acts of violence on board a vessel like the *Sierra Nevada* at sea might lead to great disaster, as it involved both the safety of the vessel and the lives of the passengers, many of whom were women and children. My men promised that they would not engage in another outbreak during the voyage.

Lieutenant Pierson, however, was intractable, and repeatedly had shown a disposition to ignore my authority, which I held merely by sufferance, the

men not yet having taken the oath for military service. Upon the advice of Colonel Kewen, Captain Blethen and many of the passengers, the insolence of Pierson and the few men under his domination was ignored for the time.

In the afternoon of the day when the *Sierra Nevada* was due to arrive at San Juan del Sur, the purser requested the appointment of an escort of fifteen men to guard the treasure to La Virgen, where it would be placed on board a lake steamer, the intervening country being infested with outlaws and bandits. After selecting the men for the escort, among them being Orderly Sergeant Thompson, a fearless and honorable man, whom I told privately not to take his eye off the treasure until it was safe in the hands of the agent at La Virgen, I sought to appeal to such dignity and honor as Pierson might have by ordering him to take command of the escort.

Little did the passengers suspect the excitement and turmoil in store for them that night, and not until next day did they realize how narrowly the *Sierra Nevada* and all aboard escaped destruction.

About midnight I was awakened by Captain Blethen and told that the men were breaking into the storeroom and pillaging the ship's commissary supplies. I hastened below and found Lieutenant Pierson, McDonald and about a dozen men of my company, together with Captain Norris and his company, engaged in the most wanton and riotous acts—the floor was strewn with empty and broken wine and liquor bottles, jars of preserves and all kinds of provisions. The raid had degenerated into a drunken orgy of armed and defiant men; one shuddered at the prospect of their unbridled lawlessness, should they grow

more and more inflamed with drink—a vast treasure lay within their reach, and it would not have been impossible to burn the ship with all its passengers, and escape.

Scarcely had I made my presence known when McDonald thrust a navy six-shooter into my face, and with an oath exclaimed: "Get out of here; you don't command this crowd!" The command was instantly obeyed. Captain Blethen was informed that it would be unwise to make any move to have the rioters restrained, as such an attempt might result in the loss of the ship and all on board. As the night passed, the men gradually succumbed to the stupor of intoxication, and the disturbance ceased.

Next morning, as the ship hove in sight of San Juan del Sur, and with a desire to conciliate the men and get them ashore as quickly as possible, I gave Lieutenant Pierson instructions about the escort, whereupon he replied insolently that he would not command it. The command was then given to Sergeant Thompson.

The *Sierra Nevada,* because of the depth of water, could approach only within half a mile of the land. At my request I was sent ashore in the Captain's wherry, and went at once to Lieutenant Rudler, in command of the town, told him quickly what had happened, and was given a detachment of men armed only with revolvers, as rifles might arouse suspicion. As the men came ashore, five of the ring-leaders were seized and taken to the guardhouse, among them being McDonald. For the time, Pierson was simply placed under arrest. The passengers and treasure were conveyed in safety to La Virgen.

We were held a short time at San Juan del Sur awaiting transportation, and during this time the men were put through their first military maneuvers by Sergeant Thompson, an old Mexican veteran. When the company was first formed in line, Lieutenant Pierson, though under arrest, took his place as second in command.

Military knowledge then was not extensive among either officers or men, and as a novice I was confronted instantly with a problem that puzzled me. From mere intuition, I did not believe that an officer under arrest could appear with his command on duty, but I was not absolutely sure of it. What to do was the question. I knew that if my authority should be defied, it would be a bad day for me. Upon the impulse of the moment, I declared Lieutenant Pierson reduced to the ranks, and ordered Sergeant Thompson to take a squad and confine him in the guard house. This had a wonderful effect upon the unruly element, and though afterwards its ridiculousness was only too apparent, it served a good and salutary purpose.

My conduct throughout this affair was such as to win the approbation of General Walker, to whom I suspect its details were recited privately by Colonel Kewen. Upon our arrival at Granada, I submitted my report, to which General Walker gave his closest scrutiny. I was more or less perturbed because of my uncertainty in not knowing whether or not I had done right from a military standpoint in reducing Pierson to the ranks. Three days had passed without my hearing from General Walker, and I was sitting in my quarters when I beheld a remarkable personage swinging with tremendous stride across the plaza in my direction. He wore trousers that were

too small and much too short for him, yet his coat was brilliant with braid, a long plume waved above his hat, and his sword clanged on the pavement.

"Where is Jamison?" he called in a loud, sonorous voice.

I was confident that trouble was in store for me, and nervously, and without regard for military language, replied, "Here I am."

I was commanded to appear at headquarters, as General Walker wished to speak to me. I entered the room with much trepidation, and my embarrassment was increased at the sight of all his staff officers. General Walker advanced toward me and said: "Lieutenant, here is your commission as lieutenant in the Army of the Republic of Nicaragua." He presented the commission with his own hand. I was assigned to company D, First Infantry.

Afterwards, while I was stationed at San Juan del Sur, upon each return of the *Sierra Nevada,* Captain Blethen always made me his guest on shipboard, a courtesy I greatly enjoyed, not only because of his superior table, but because of my belief that he wished to show his appreciation of a service he felt I had rendered him.

McDonald and one other of his dangerous and turbulent associates were executed for crimes committed in the Republic. Pierson was released, and found service in another company, without a commission. His truculence forced a personal encounter upon me. I was asked one day by a man named James Knox concerning the current rumor of Pierson's being a fugitive from California. I told Knox carefully and explicitly that I knew nothing beyond the fact that a sailor had been murdered and robbed

at Georgetown, that Pierson and McDonald were suspected of the crime, and that a reward had been offered by the state for the apprehension of the murderers. What I said, possibly in garbled form, was repeated by Knox to Pierson.

I was standing in the plaza talking to Aide-de-Camp Morgan, of General Walker's staff, when Pierson approached and asked angrily if I had been telling stories about him. I replied that I had not, and told him what I had said to Knox. I was confident that Pierson was armed and seeking trouble, and when he said that I was a liar, I drew my pistol quickly and fired, Morgan striking my arm as I pulled the trigger. The bullet passed through Pierson's hat. Pierson, to my surprise, was unarmed, and ran quickly to his quarters to get his pistol, which he found unloaded. In his excitement of loading, the pistol was accidentally discharged, the bullet passing through his left arm at the elbow and mangling it so that his arm was amputated to save his life.

Shortly after our arrival at Granada, the command of the company to which I belonged was assigned to Captain "Tom" Everts, and the company ordered to the island of Ometepe in Lake Nicaragua, to suppress a disturbance among its Indian population. We then went to Masaya, a city of 12,000 population, on the road to Leon, and found ourselves among a people composed almost exclusively of Indians. The water supply of Masaya came from a lake of the same name, and was carried in buckets up a winding stair of stone five hundred feet in height, to the elevation on which the city stood. I have seen Indian women with a bucket of water in each hand and another poised on their head, ascend these steps without spilling a drop.

Only a few nights after our arrival, our garrison was aroused about 2 o'clock one morning by a terrific rumbling and a series of detonations that made our hair stand on end. None of us knew that a volcanic mountain stood on the shore of Lake Masaya opposite the city. For many years this volcano had been quiescent. It suddenly burst into action, however, while we were asleep, the noise being greater than if a long railroad train were crashing through the walls of our garrison. The sentinels fired their guns, and the whole garrison rushed to arms, in the belief that the enemy was attacking in force, with heavy artillery. While the excitement was still at fever heat, Padre Sutro and the Alcalde appeared and told us that the disturbance was caused by the eruption of Mount Masaya.

While stationed at Masaya, I witnessed the annual March festival of San Geronimo, attended by many thousands of natives. Eighty-four years earlier, a volcano near the city burst into eruption, and a torrent of molten lava had destroyed the vegetation, and the lives of many persons for miles around. The rude and superstitious natives resorted to every device to appease the wrath of God, which they believed was manifested in this calamity, but all their efforts were fruitless until they carried to the cemetery Campo Seco, a spot that commanded a view of the volcano, a gorgeous figure representing the Virgin Mary, and interposed it against the lightnings and thunders of the eruption. Almost immediately the convulsions ceased, and ever since that day this ceremony has been observed for one week in March of each year.

During this sacred week no one is allowed to appear in the streets on horseback, except by the per-

mission or the request of the senior priest of Masaya. The streets and highways leading to Campo Seco are strewn to a depth of several inches with the beautiful flowers that abound in this tropical region.

Father Sutro, an old and loved patriarch of the church, delivered the oration at Campo Seco, and from him I obtained many of the facts relating to the legend. Father Sutro requested Lieutenant H. Clay Hall and myself to move in the procession on horseback, one on either side of the chariot containing the figure of the Virgin, our naked swords held trailing at the sides of our horses. I am confident that not less than 50,000 persons participated in these festivities upon that occasion, and that a hundred wagons would hardly have contained the flowers that were scattered in the streets, on the highways and in the churches.

We had been at Masaya only a short time when Captain Everts died of yellow fever, and the command devolved upon myself. Though tranquility prevailed, and there was not an armed hostile body in the department stirring and dangerous movements were taking place near its borders.

CHAPTER V.

SECOND BATTLE OF RIVAS.

War With Costa Rica—General Mora Enters Nicaragua—Battle of Santa Rosa Ranch—Rout of Americans—Second Battle of Rivas—Walker Retires—Left on the Field—Battle on the Serapaqui—Costa Rican Army Driven Out of State—Hanging of Ugarte.

Costa Rica, urged on by the English, and at least tacitly encouraged by the Secretary of State of the United States, had begun making hostile demonstrations; it was not until about the first of March, however, that the intentions of Costa Rica were plainly shown. At that time her government formally declared war ostensibly against Nicaragua, but actually against the Americans in her service.

No sooner had a copy of Costa Rica's proclamation been received, than the provisional government issued a similar decree declaring war against Costa Rica, and adopted measures to repel the invaders. Costa Rica had appealed to the other Central American states to form a coalition with her, and, to use the words of her President, "to drive the Filibusteros into the sea." None of the other Republics responded, and President Mora was bitter in his expressions of disappointment.

Information reached General Walker that the Costa Rican army was marching under the command of President Mora himself and would enter Nicaragua by way of the Department of Guanacaste. Colonel Schlessinger, with Major J. C. O'Neal, and five full companies under Captain Ruddler, Captain Thorpe, Captain Creighton, Captain Prange, and Captain Legeay,

was ordered to meet the enemy and check its advance at the borders of the Republic. Schlessinger's entire force amounted to 250 men.

While this expedition was trying to intercept the enemy in its approach to the Guanacaste department, it became necessary to guard the Transit route across the isthmus, for the protection of traffic, and, also, to watch the river route at Castillo and Hipp's Point, at the mouth of the Serapaqui; one company was dispatched to each of these places.

Colonel Schlessinger, on March 16, 1856, marched from San Juan del Sur toward the LaFlor, a small stream which separated Guanacaste from the Meridional Department. Schlessinger was wholly unfit to command, but his incompetency was not revealed until it was too late to give his place to another. His whole line of march from San Juan was marked by the greatest incompetency; no pickets were kept out, nor patrols sent in advance to watch the movements of the enemy, which was known to be advancing in heavy force.

To show Schlessinger's utter lack of judgment, it is only necessary to mention the fact that while he was almost in front of the enemy and ought to have had every reason to expect a meeting, he sent his only surgeon as bearer of dispatches to Granada, a blunder of which no commander should be guilty.

Schlessinger arrived on the night of March 20 at the country house of Santa Rosa, and went into camp. Next morning he suffered himself disgracefully to be surprised and defeated by the enemy, Schlessinger himself being among the first to flee for safety. The rout was complete. Major O'Neal and Captain Ruddler attempted to stay the stampede, but it was too late.

The main body of the Costa Rican army soon arrived, and a drum-head court martial was convened for the trial of the captive Nicaraguan prisoners, all of whom, including the wounded, were sentenced to be shot. This cruel sentence was immediately carried into execution. The Costa Ricans were about 3,000 strong.

After the detachment under Schlessinger found that its ranks were broken and that chaos and confusion were prevailing everywhere, it separated into small parties, and without officers to lead them, straggled over mountains and hills, and in swamps and morasses, and finally escaped to La Virgen and to Rivas, loud in denunciation of Schlessinger, who was charged not only with imbecility, but even with treachery. Many of the fugitives were without hats or shoes, their garments torn into shreds by thorns in their wild flight to escape. It was more than a week before the fragments of the ill-fated expedition ceased arriving at Rivas.

In the meanwhile the commands at Leon and Masaya had been ordered to Granada, preparatory to marching to Rivas to meet the invaders. On March 23, a message was placed in the hands of General Walker bearing the first news of the disaster at Santa Rosa. Although General Walker was very ill when this news reached him, he went aboard a steamer, and on the morning of March 24 arrived at Rivas, where he learned in detail all that had befallen the troops under Colonel Schlessinger, who appeared several days later in person and made his report.

The charges against Schlessinger were so strong that a court inquiry was ordered; its finding led to Schlessinger's arrest and trial before a court martial,

on the charges of neglect of duty, ignorance of the duties of a commanding officer, and of cowardice in the presence of the enemy, to which afterwards was added the charge of desertion. Pending the result of his trial, and while upon his parole, Schlessinger escaped. He was found guilty on all the charges and specifications, and ordered to be shot if found anywhere in Nicaragua.

The whole of the army that could be spared at other places was now concentrated at Rivas, in the expectation that the enemy would soon appear. President Mora learned of these preparations, however, and advanced no further than Pena Blanca, on the southern boundary line of the Meridional Department.

The Nicaraguan army was paraded in the plaza at Rivas on March 30, and General Walker made an eloquent address, replete with heroic sentiments, in which he urged every man to be true to the Republic in its hour of great need. He told his soldiers that they, no less than himself, were representing a great and paramount principle; that, like himself, they had voluntarily expatriated themselves; that the eyes of the civilized world were upon them, and that they would be praised and honored, or scorned and reviled, according to the record of glory or shame they achieved. I have never forgotten his closing sentence: "A name is great only as the principle it represents makes it great." The army then passed in review to the blasts of bugles and the beating of drums.

After waiting in vain for Mora's advance, Walker received news that threatened the peace of the Occidental Department, and, barring a small detachment under Colonel Machado left to observe the movements

of the enemy, he moved his entire army by steamer to Granada.

Before the army departed from Rivas and La Virgen, N. C. Breckenridge was commissioned captain and given command of Company D, First Infantry, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Captain Everts. Second Lieutenant H. C. Hall had resigned and gone to the United States, and his place was given to D. Barney Woolf, afterwards for many years secretary of the Supreme Court Commission of California, at San Francisco. Later, Lieutenant Woolf was promoted to the first Lieutenancy of Company D, and during a greater part of that year was the efficient and popular post-adjutant of Granada. I was honored with promotion to the captaincy of Company D, following the battle of Rivas, April 11, 1856, in which Captain Breckenridge received a mortal wound.

General Walker left Granada on April 9 with five hundred men, of whom one hundred were natives, and, without artillery, marched overland for Rivas, where General Mora had intrenched himself on April 8. The distance was between sixty-five and seventy miles. The weather was intensely hot, the roads deep in dust, and water could be found only at long intervals. On the night of April 9, the army camped at Ochomogo. Here it was learned for the first time that Mora was in Rivas with an army estimated at several thousand men, supplemented with many pieces of cannon. The march was resumed at an early hour on April 10; despite the greatest exertion, progress was slow, the men being exposed to the direct rays of the tropical sun, and suffering greatly from thirst.

Shortly before sunset the army deflected its course to the left of the main road, traveled by a dim trail,

and encamped on the south bank of the river Gil Gonzales. A stranger seen lurking in the thickets near the camp was captured and taken before General Walker. The man at first swore stoutly that he knew nothing of Mora and his army, or of the situation in Rivas, and declared himself to be a strong and unpurchasable friend of "amigo del Americanos." His effusiveness led to the slipping of a noose over his head, while the other end of the rope was thrown over the limb of a tree. A sudden jerk stimulated the man's memory to a remarkable degree, and he imparted valuable information to General Walker concerning the strength of the enemy at Rivas, the number of cannon in the Costa Rican army, and even gave the exact location of the quarters occupied by General Mora and his staff, all of which afterwards was found to be true.

Among other facts of value obtained from the spy—for such he proved to be—was that the morning report of the hostile army showed a total of 3,240 effective men in Rivas, and 900 at La Virgen, nine miles away. When concealment of his mission and his identity was no longer possible, the man talked volubly in the hope of escaping death. The drawn figure that swung stiffly in the wind of the forest that night was mute evidence of the futility of the spy's appeal for his life.

The little group that gathered under the great oak in the jungle on the south bank of the Gil Gonzales presented a picture for a Rembrandt. The bivouac was half a league from any traveled road; the stillness broken only by the dull monotone of the sluggish Gil Gonzales as it

"Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods."

The tired army slept and dreamed of home, perhaps of battle. General Walker arose from where he was reclining and, touching his aide-camp, Captain Dewitt Clinton, on the shoulder, gave instructions in a low voice. Captain Clinton departed, and soon returned with General B. D. Fry, Colonel Ed. J. Sanders, Major W. K. Rogers, Major John B. Markham, Major Brewster, Major Cal. O'Neal, Colonel Bruno Natzmer, Colonel Machado, and a few others, to whom General Walker imparted certain information obtained from the spy, and then gave to each officer his instructions for the morrow, assigning to each his position in the attack.

The plan of battle agreed upon at this midnight conference was this: Colonel Sanders, with four companies of the First Rifles, was to enter Rivas on the street north of the main plaza; Major Brewster, with three companies of Rifles, was to enter by way of the south side of the plaza; Colonel Natzmer and Major O'Neal, with the Second Rifles, were to enter on the extreme left of the city; Colonel Machado, with his one hundred native troops, was to move on Colonel Sanders' right, while Colonel Fry was to hold the light infantry in reserve.

Fatigued and in need of sleep, General Walker and his officers sought a short rest on the bare ground. At 3 a. m. the line of march began silently, with Dr. J. L. Cole, whose wife was a native of Rivas, as guide. Just after sunrise, the advance under Colonel Sanders entered the city and became sharply engaged with a column of the enemy, which he soon drove back. With invincible intrepidity Colonel Sanders and his com-

mand crossed the plaza and rushed up the street toward Mora's headquarters, the enemy seeking flight in every direction. Near General Mora's headquarters, Colonel Sanders and his men halted to capture two cannon. This, unfortunately, gave the enemy a breathing spell, and time for their officers to rally their flying and broken columns.

All the adobe houses on either side of the street had been loopholed and filled with riflemen, and before Colonel Sanders could urge his men forward from the folly of stopping to secure the cannon, the enemy rallied and refilled these houses from which they had fled only a few minutes before. Sanders was compelled to retire to the plaza, after losing heavily in killed and wounded, and the only compensation in return for his great loss was the bringing off of the two pieces of artillery, though the ammunition wagons had to be left behind.

The attack, being simultaneous at every point, gave promise of success. The natives under Colonel Machado were less fortunate than the other troops. At the first signal by Colonel Sanders for attack, Colonel Machado gave the order to charge, and while gallantly leading his men, his sword waving aloft, he was shot dead from his horse. A panic seized upon the native soldiers, and no threats by their officers could induce them to remain together or advance further, and in great disorder they fled into the surrounding country, and hid themselves.

The battle was nowon in much fury. The enemy, recovered from its first fright, returned and occupied the port-holed houses, and poured a withering fire into the ranks of Walker's forces. Already many of his best and bravest men were dead or disabled.

At this moment Colonel Fry brought his reserves upon the field, and was ordered by General Walker to charge the street. Fry had seen service, and knew that there was not one chance in a hundred to succeed, and replied: "General, it is utterly impracticable." Walker rode into the street and declared that he would lead the men. Bullets were flying thick all around him, and his clothing and his horse were covered with the debris from the walls of the buildings. He sat on his horse seemingly the least excited of all the belligerents. Colonel Kewen, a volunteer aide to the commander in chief, and one or two others, rushed into the street and forced horse and rider to a place of shelter.

In the mad excitement of the moment, Major John B. Markham of the First Infantry called for volunteers, and Captain Linton, myself and about twenty-eight men sprang into the street and reached a point near Mora's headquarters, where the two ammunition wagons were left by Sanders' men. The hail of bullets from the loopholes tried the souls of those who opposed themselves to the rifle fire; the bullets ripped and stung, and reddened the pavements with blood. Captain Linton fell from the sidewalk with a bullet through his heart. Major Markham, sword in hand, was shot in the knee joint, the writer received a bullet in the lower part of his right leg—nearly one-half the men had been killed or disabled when the order was given to retire to the plaza. The ammunition wagons belonging to the two pieces of artillery were brought from the field. The enemy had made the cannon useless, and the only advantage we got from their capture was in making it impossible to use them against us. In this charge were only three commissioned officers, one

of whom was killed and the two others badly wounded, while of the ten or twelve men of my company that took part, two were killed, which may indicate how desperate was this undertaking.

No further effort was made to force the street to Mora's quarters, and the tide of battle turned in other directions, nor did it lull until after nightfall. Charge after charge was made and repelled by both sides. Near the noon hour, the enemy, grown bold with its success in repelling the attack upon Mora's headquarters, and having been reinforced with part of the contingent at La Virgen, prepared to make a general onslaught upon our little army and annihilate it by sheer numbers.

At that time we had no sappers and miners to force a passage through the walls of the adobe buildings, that we might attack at close quarters and drive the enemy from their strongholds, and the lack of this aid, together with the absence of artillery, made extremely difficult and precarious the besieging of a strong enemy in a city like that of Rivas, containing 18,000 inhabitants. Fortunately, in a large building near the corner of the plaza, was found stored many tons of Spanish *quese* (cheese) in huge blocks, of granite-like hardness, and impervious to bullets.

Temporary breastworks were quickly made of these mammoth cheeses, behind which was placed a body of sharpshooters, much to the discomfiture of the Costa Ricans, who soon learned to avoid that particular locality. That these breastworks of cheeses were far from Quixotic was further shown by the fact that while our sharpshooters were not making targets of Costa Rican heads, they were satisfying their hunger by digging into the heart of the barricade with their jack-knives.

Every effort of the enemy to crush our little army was baffled; the Costa Ricans were driven back with great loss, often leaving their dead and wounded inside our lines.

In this battle many amusing and laughable incidents occurred, and notwithstanding the serious aspect of the situation, only the most confirmed stoic could have refrained from showing that he was moved by the ludicrous happenings. The humor, however, was often grim.

While our men were trying to force their way into a long building held by the enemy, the combatants actually crossed carbines with each other at the doors, and for hours this attitude was maintained without material advantage to either side, beyond filling the entrances with dead men. During this hide-and-seek tragedy, Captain McArdle, a gallant officer from Albany, New York, with pistol in hand, thrust his arm round the corner of a doorway and fired; at the same moment a bayonet was thrust through his forearm, and the arm shot off, the pistol dropping within reach of the enemy. McArdle withdrew his shattered arm in proper haste, and gazing at it with immeasurable disgust, remarked dryly: "The d——d rascal got my pistol."

A dead Costa Rican soldier fell out of a doorway into the street, and young Soule went coolly and examined his clothing for valuables amidst a storm of bullets, escaping untouched.

The most spectacular sharpshooting I saw in Nicaragua was at this battle of Rivas. One of the crack shots among the Americans was a tall, angular fellow, with an eye like a hawk's, known as "Arkansaw," his soubriquet probably indicating the state from

which he came. A number of Walker's wounded men had found their way to an elevated portico in front of a large building. There was a recess in the wall large enough for a man to lodge himself and fire with safety from behind one of the big wooden pillars of the portico at the loop-holed houses on the opposite side of the street leading to the headquarters of General Moro. "Arkansaw" occupied this position for more than two hours, firing his rifles, as they were loaded and handed to him by a comrade who had a more sheltered position. I had been severely wounded, and was lying down watching the maneuvers of "Arkansaw," expecting every moment to see him fall. Frequently, he would say to himself, after firing, "By Gum, I fetched him!" He used Mississippi rifles. Those who could see the effect of his fire said that when he finally got the range, he shot into the portholes the moment a head appeared, and that his shooting became so deadly that the enemy abandoned the buildings in that neighborhood. It was estimated that "Arkansaw" killed and wounded forty or fifty men. He escaped without a scratch. The wooden pillar in front of him was literally plastered with lead from the guns of the enemy.

Captain Jack Dunigan was quenching his thirst from a bottle of patent bitters when a stray rifle ball cut away his thyroid cartilage, and the Captain remarked in a whisper, for the power of audible speech was temporarily destroyed, that never before had his drinking been cut short in such discourteous manner. He recovered to do good and effective fighting.

The battle raged without intermission all day, and when assault after assault had been met and heroically repulsed, the enemy, apparently maddened at our de-

termined resistance, and at the death of more than forty of their highest officers, together with the sight of hundreds of their men lying dead and wounded in the streets in view of both armies, massed a heavy force to capture a large house on the north side of the plaza, and had this movement been successful Walker's forces inevitably must have been destroyed.

Walker saw that the moment was critical, and in less time than the statement can be written, a little band of officers—thirteen in number—led by Lieutenant Gay, and composed of Colonel W. K. Rogers, Captain N. C. Breckenridge, Captain Huston and nine others, whose names I forget and cannot recall, charged with their pistols drawn, and drove this overwhelming force out of the building, killing more than thirty of the enemy. They gained possession of the building, which was held as long as we remained in Rivas.

Of the thirteen who engaged in this desperate foray, more than half were killed, among them being Gay and Huston. Captain Breckenridge received a wound in the head, and afterwards died. This unquestionably was one of the most daring feats of arms in modern times, especially when it is remembered that the odds were more than twenty to one, that the enemy was thoroughly armed, and led by skillful officers, while the little band of thirteen carried only revolvers.

Unable to drive Walker from the corner of the plaza, the enemy fired the buildings in the vicinity, and it became necessary to move to the church and to a large unfinished cathedral on the opposite side of the plaza. This was accomplished as night set in, and all, except a few of the mortally wounded, reached there in safety. A number of the wounded whose lives were ebbing away, were burned in the abandoned building,

among them a fair-haired youth, Willie Gould, who belonged to my company. He was delicate of frame, light of limb, with blue eyes and a girl's face, yet he was as brave as a lion. His wound had made him unconscious, and the biting flames gave him no pain.

Upon reaching our new position, the alarming discovery was made that the army had only three rounds of ammunition to each man. Thought of continuing the struggle must be abandoned, and at once preparations were made for retiring from the city in the direction of our base of supplies. Shortly after midnight, with such wounded as could be moved, placed at the center, the shattered, but not defeated, little army slowly filed out of Rivas and took the road for Granada.

I had been wounded early in the action, and my injury had not been dressed by the surgeons, owing to the need of others who had been more dangerously wounded. The loss of blood and the great heat had been a terrible ordeal to me, and after I had been carried to the opposite side of the plaza, where the wounded were gathered, I crawled into the unfinished cathedral that I might get fresh air, and cool my fever. Hardly had I done so, when the cool breeze lulled me into a profound slumber, and for hours I was oblivious to my surroundings. It was nearly 4 o'clock in the morning when I awoke to find the church deserted. At intervals the big bell in the belfry above me rang with the impact of bullets that came from the indiscriminate firing in the streets.

I knew that my capture meant death, and for a moment was appalled at my predicament. My wound was extremely painful, and my leg badly swollen. I resolved to escape, and in my determination and ex-

citement, forgot my wounds. Throwing away the scabbards of my pistol and my sword, I scaled the obstruction at the rear door, and started for freedom. In the darkness I got out of the city without being discovered, and found myself in the La Virgen road. Knowing that the enemy held this road, and that I might meet them at any moment, I halted to collect my fevered thoughts. While thus meditating, I heard the approach of the Costa Rican lancers. I threw myself over a fence of cactus, where I lay until they passed on into the city, after which I managed in some way to reach the opposite side of a large cocoanut hacienda, and entered the road to Granada. My clothing was in shreds, and my breast lacerated and seemingly on fire from the cactus needles.

In my bewilderment I took the wrong direction, and learned of my mistake only upon coming close to the firing that had been kept up at intervals by the enemy. Upon making this discovery, all hope of escape left me as a room is darkened by the snuffing of a candle; I began retracing my steps, using my sword as a crutch, as one goes to his execution. Life was sweet to me in the glow and strength of my young manhood, and a sigh came from my lips as I thought of my impending fate.

I had gone hardly twenty yards when I heard the neigh of a horse at the roadside, and looking in the direction from which the sound came, I saw a little grey pony. At first my thought was that an enemy had slipped from the pony's back to the opposite side, and was aiming to send a bullet through my heart. Upon closer inspection, however, I found that the pony was alone, and apparently glad of my company. My lost hope was recovered with the suddenness and vio-

lence of a whirlwind—in my heart was a berserker rage.

Fearful that the pony might be wild and escape me, I placed my hand by slow degrees gently and caressingly upon its neck, and my overture was recognized and returned with a gentle whinny. Taking my necktie—a large old-style black handkerchief—from my neck, I tied it round the pony's lower jaw, and leading my Bucephalus to a nearby stump was soon astride of his friendly back, and speeding with all haste from the accursed city.

Daylight was now at hand, and as I was descending the long hill to the town of Obraje I overtook Major Webber, late an officer in the United States army, who was sight-seeing in Nicaragua. He was afoot, and at my invitation got up behind me; but it was soon seen that the pony could not carry both of us, and Major Webber dismounted. I passed through Obraje without counting the houses, or stopping to salute the many persons who had congregated in the streets to learn the news. Major Webber, however, stopped to rest and get a drink of water, and was overtaken by the lancers and ruthlessly shot to death.

I caught the army at the Gil Gonzales, where it had stopped to rest, and to me, at least, the world had a brighter hue. Owing to the scarcity of horses, infantry and rifle officers were debarred from using them in the service, but when General Walker learned of my condition he gave orders that I might retain my pony.

On April 13, at midnight, the little army, broken and shattered, but proud and defiant, entered Granada amidst the ringing of bells and the roar of skyrockets. Next day Surgeon-General Moses, with a jagged case

knife, cut the ball from my leg, and my wound was dressed for the first time; it had swollen until it was half as large as my body.

Our loss in this battle, as reported by Adjutant General Phil. R. Thompson, was fifty-eight killed and sixty-two wounded, a large percentage being officers. The loss of the enemy, as officially reported, was in excess of six hundred men, a greater number than Walker took into battle That the enemy was badly crippled was shown by the fact that no effort was made to follow our disabled army, only a few Costa Rican lancers venturing out to pick up what stragglers they could find. The wounded whom we were compelled to leave on the field were savagely murdered.

Of our killed, I recall these officers: Captains, Houston, Dewitt Clinton, Horrell, Linton, Cook; Lieutenants, Morgan, Stall, Gay, Doyle, Gillis and Winters. Among the wounded were Major J. B. Markham, Captain N. C. Breckenridge, who afterwards died, Captain Cook, Captain Anderson, Captain Caycee, Lieutenant Gist, Lieutenant Jones, Lieutenant Leonard, Lieutenant Potter, Lieutenant Ayres, Lieutenant Latimer, Lieutenant Anderson, Lieutenant Dolan, and Lieutenant Jamison.

The wounded that dropped in the first and second charges to capture the port-holed buildings on both sides the street leading to General Mora's headquarters were carried into an adobe building used as a dry goods store, at the northwest corner of the plaza, where most of the fighting took place. I distinctly remember General Walker's coming about midday into the room where we lay, more than twenty of us, both officers and privates, and of his going to each alike and speaking kind and hopeful words. He sat down

on a bale of cotton domestic upon which I was lying and asked about my wound, adjusting the bandages, as he did those of Colonel Markham and others, and arranging the beds upon which we were lying, that we might be more comfortable. He came to see us several times during the day, and always appeared calm and cheerful, though the battle seemed hopeless and our situation one of extreme danger. His words and manner, however, gave no indication of what must have been passing in his mind—he was as inscrutable as a sphinx.

At Rivas I was an eye-witness to a deed of heroism and daring unrivalled in any war. Late in the afternoon the conflict had lulled on both sides, and the Americans had begun arranging for the transfer of their wounded from the buildings on the north side of the plaza, from which the enemy had been driven and which were now slowly burning. The wounded were to be taken at nightfall to an old church on another side of the plaza. Lieutenant Winters attempted to cross the plaza, and after he had gone about thirty yards, was struck down by a minie ball that broke both his thighs. He sank with his pearl-handled six-shooter in his hand, but was unable to rise. Captain Veeder, the only unwounded man among us, saw Winters fall, and ran at once to his rescue. From house-tops bullets came like hail in an Atlantic storm, ripping up the ground until both Winters and Veeder, for a few moments, were actually obscured by the dust that filled the air. Lifting Winters from the ground, Veeder bore him to a place of shelter. Incredible as it may seem, Veeder did not receive the slightest wound, though his clothing was riddled with bullets.

Before the retreat from Rivas, General Walker went to the church where the mortally wounded were lying and told them of the extremity to which the army had been reduced. With one voice they replied: "Save the army, General, and take no thought of us." From prisoners we learned afterwards that Winters, who was able to use only his revolver, a pearl-handled six-shooter, lay on his back facing the entrance to the church, and killed an enemy with each bullet. and was then bayonetted to death.

It is difficult to write with proper restraint of events in which the writer himself was an active participant, though the part he played may have been small, yet the heroism of the struggle maintained from 7 o'clock in the morning until midnight against an intrenched army seven times its size may justly cause a glow of pride to warm the heart of any man that fought with Walker's army in that battle of April 11, 1856.

The day before the battle of Rivas Captain Baldwin attacked and defeated two hundred and fifty Costa Ricans on the Serapaqui, driving them beyond the state, and killing twenty of the enemy, while his own losses were one man killed and two men wounded, Lieutenant Rakestraw being slain.

As soon as General Walker could give rest to his exhausted forces, and recruit new men, he returned to the Meridional Department. But General Mora had seen enough of the Americans, and, in addition, cholera was making fearful havoc in his army; when Walker landed at La Virgen, Mora had turned over the command to his brother-in-law, General Jose Maria Cañas, and had gone to San Jose, Costa Rica. Cañas had no wish to meet the Americans, and when Walker's forces reached the halfway house between La

Virgen and San Juan del Sur, it was found that Cañas had already passed that point in a precipitate and disorderly retreat to La Flor. Nor did he stop until he reached San Jose, and must have blushed at the dishonor heaped upon our dead at Rivas, when he left a message to General Walker asking that the wounded Costa Ricans left behind be treated with kindness and generosity. Walker at once ordered his surgical corps to give to the Costa Ricans the same attention bestowed upon the Americans—a revenge of which the Americans might well be proud, not unworthy the cause for which they were contending, nor of the race from which they sprang.

Costa Rican newspapers related that of the army of more than 4,000 which Mora led into Nicaragua, not more than 400 returned to their homes. More than 500 that died of cholera were buried in the sands at San Juan del Sur, where the rise and fall of the heaving waters exposed to view their ghastly bodies; long months afterwards, during the time I was stationed there, I could see the skeletons shining along the beach.

Upon the departure of the Costa Rican army, several arrests and executions took place, among them being Francisco Ugarte, with whose family I lodged when stationed at Rivas. His two nieces, beautiful and attractive women, lived with his family. Ugarte was tried for ferreting out wounded Americans after the battle, and turning them over to the enemy to be shot. His guilt was clearly established by a court of inquiry, and he was sentenced to be hanged.

After his execution his two nieces begged me to take his body to Obraje, where his family then resided. Obtaining permission to do so, I procured an

ox-cart and, detailing a squad to accompany me, carried the corpse to Obraje and placed it at midnight in the parish church, where I left it surrounded by the weeping family.

I have long felt confident that Ugarte, who was wealthy, tried to buy his freedom of General Walker. This opinion arose over my being by accident near the guard house in which Ugarte was confined, as General Walker passed one day on his way to dinner. Ugarte called General Walker by name, and upon the latter's halting, the two entered into a brief conversation. I was unable to hear all their words, but caught enough to know that Ugarte offered Walker a large sum of money, common report afterwards making it $20,000 in gold. I could not clearly distinguish what Walker said in reply, though it was plain that his words to Ugarte were spoken in scorn. I did hear him say, however: "Don't want your money, but your life, for you have forfeited it."

I must here relate an incident of my life in Nicaragua that has never ceased to be a source of painful regret. During the summer and fall of 1856 the First Infantry was engaged in maintaining order in the Meridional Department, in which lay the Transit Route from San Juan del Sur to La Virgen. My company and that of Captain William Williamson alternately were guarding La Virgen, San Juan del Sur, San Jorge, and Rivas, until late in October when all outlying detachments were ordered to Granada, preparatory to the advance upon Masaya.

At San Jorge our pickets and videttes were being fired upon at all hours of night, and for more than three weeks neither officers nor men undressed for sleep or rest. The small garrison often was turned

out several times in a night to repel a threatened attack, and the command became greatly exhausted for lack of sleep, as the men were on duty every night until dawn.

It was at San Jorge that the unhappy event, of which I have spoken took place—a promise made to a companion who stood then almost in the shadow of death, and which I was unable to keep. Late one afternoon, in October I think it was, the writer and Captain Williamson were lying in the shade of a mango tree speculating upon the probable outcome of the war, and what the future held in store for us. Sadly, Captain Williamson turned and handed to me a magnificent double-case solid gold watch, to which was attached a heavy gold chain, and asked me to examine them carefully. I found that they had been presented to him by the non-commissioned officers of—I think—the Seventh United States Cavalry; at any rate it was Colonel Sumner's regiment, of which Captain Williamson, at the time, was sergeant-major. On the inside of the case was engraved the name of Captain Williamson, with his rank, together with the names of the givers.

As I returned the watch to Captain Williamson, he began speaking with much agitation, and said: "I have a little girl, a mere child, my only blood relation in the world. I left her in the care of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. George Wahl, in Washington, D. C. Will you pledge me upon your honor that if I am killed, and it is within your power, you will convey this watch and chain to my little girl?"

I gladly made the promise, not knowing, however, how soon I would be put to the test.

The day after this request was made a steamer anchored outside San Jorge, and at midnight the men were ordered to place on board all our military stores and baggage. The water close inshore was shallow, and it was necessary to transfer our equipage by wading. Captain Williamson was among the foremost in this work, and when it was finished, and the anchor raised, I went with him to the upper deck where we lay down in our wet clothing and were soon asleep.

When I awoke at daylight I found the steamer tied to the wharf at La Virgen, but Captain Williamson was missing, nor could he be found after the most careful search. Members of the crew recalled that during the night the whistle had sounded loudly, and immediately there was a splash as if a heavy body had fallen into the water. No outcry was heard, and the incident was not reported until Captain Williamson was found to be missing.

Three days later the waves brought the body of Captain Williamson ashore, terribly mutilated by sharks, but with the watch and chain intact. In a grave on a little knoll on the Rivas side of La Virgen we buried all that was mortal of Captain Williamson, a gallant gentleman, and every inch a soldier. He was buried with military orders due his rank, and by order of General C. C. Hornsby, in command of the Meridional Department, I was given the melancholy duty of commanding the escort. It was thought that Captain Williamson, perhaps dreaming of battle, was startled by the sudden noise of the steamer's whistle, and in springing quickly to his feet, lost his balance and plunged in the darkness to the depths below.

After the interment I told the lieutenants of Captain Williamson's company of the request he had

made and of the promise I had given. I realized that my word of honor was all I had to offer in support of my statement. The first lieutenant, whose name—if memory serves me right—was Griffin or Griffith, insisted that he was the rightful custodian of the watch and chain, which, of course, put an end to the matter. As a compromise, however, the lieutenant agreed to deposit the watch and chain in the government safe until there was opportunity to send them to the little girl.

A letter received by me from Mr. Wahl near the close of the Civil War said that the watch and chain had never been received. What became of them, and whether or not the lieutenant is still living, I have no means of knowing. I was informed by the Adjutant General of the United States Army, in Washington, that the representations made to me by Captain Williamson concerning his service in the regular army were true, in every respect. I do not know if the Wahls or the little girl left in their keeping are alive, but if they are, and these lines may lead to the recovery of the watch and chain, I would be one of the happiest of men.

While stationed at San Jorge, I was compelled to inflict severe punishment upon a number of enlisted men. The incident resulted in my being called to Granada by General Walker.

The company commanded at La Virgen by Captain Baldwin had the reputation of being insubordinate and mutinous, though there had been no indication of this when the company arrived from La Virgen. This company was ordered merged with mine, and Captain Baldwin was assigned the duties of judge-advocate-general. The morning after Baldwin's com-

pany reached San Jorge, the names of several of the men appeared in the detail for duty, and each promptly made the plea of illness. The regimental surgeon was ordered to examine the men, and he reported all of them fit for duty. I told them that it was not a time to shirk, as they knew the garrison was weak and that the enemy nightly was threatening attack. My wish was to be as mild and conciliatory as was consistent with my duty as commander. My words were without effect, however, and I ordered all the recalcitrants taken to the guard house, where they were given one more opportunity to obey orders. They declined and I had a detail of soldiers fasten each man in the stocks, a discipline as painful in time as it is repugnant to brave men.

My orders were that each man should be released as quickly as he consented to do his duty, and shortly all except one were free and obedient. This stubborn "filibustero" finally yielded. After I was ordered to San Juan, several of these men deserted and joined the Costa Ricans. Those that deserted were all foreign born.

I was ordered by General Walker to report in person to him at Granada, and explain the cause of the disturbance among my men at San Jorge. I did so, and my statements were so satisfactory to him that he directed me to resume my command at San Juan del Sur, whither I had gone after leaving San Jorge.

It was during this visit to Granada that for the first and only time I met United States Senator Pierre Soule, of Louisiana, who was in close and apparently confidential conference with General Walker in the executive office. Senator Soule's courtly appearance, his polished manners, and, altogether, what might be

called his grand air, made a strong impression upon me, and to this day I remember him vividly as one of the most fascinating men I ever saw.

It has been intimated that Senator Soule was at Granada to forward the re-establishment of African slavery in Nicaragua. For reasons which I have expressed elsewhere I prefer to accept the explanation given by General Walker in his book, "The War in Nicaragua," in which he says that Senator Soule was concerned in obtaining certain modifications in a decree issued by Rivas, the provisional President, a few days before his flight from Leon to Chinandega, providing for the negotiation of a public loan of one-half million dollars, to be secured by a million acres of public lands.

With the expulsion of the Costa Rican army, it seemed as if peace had returned once more to distracted Nicaragua; but this hope was delusive. It was the lull before the storm—the murky stillness before the thunder's roar—and the country soon again was to shake with the sound of battle.

CHAPTER VI.

QUESTION OF AFRICAN SLAVERY.

Decree of September 22, 1856—Slavery—Rivas' Desertion—San Jose—Captain Fayssoux—Shooting of General Salazar—Desertion of Captain Turley—Repulse at San Jacinto—Death of Col. Byron Cole—French Man-of-War *Embuscade*—Funny Incidents.

I have spoken of the rupture with the Accessory Transit Company as in my judgment the main factor in the final defeat of Walker. There were two other governmental measures which, in my opinion, hastened the tragedy; these were the slavery and the confiscation decrees of September 22, 1856.

Under the decree of the Federal government of the five Central American republics slavery was forever abolished. After this Federation had been dissolved, and Nicaragua had resumed her independent sovereignty, the decrees of the Federation were supposed to remain in force in the several republics. On September 22, 1856, the Nicaraguan government issued a decree in which was contained the following:

"First. All acts and decrees of the Federal Constituent Assembly, as well as the Federal Congress, are declared null and void.

"Second. Nothing herein contained shall affect the rights heretofore vested under the acts and decrees hereby repealed."

The purpose of this setting aside of the decrees of the Federal Constituent Assembly no doubt was to re-establish African slavery in Nicaragua, but there was dispute as to whether or not this was done. An

affirmative opinion seemed to prevail, however, both in Nicaragua and elsewhere, and an outcry was raised throughout the civilized world, the statement being published in Europe and in the United States that Walker's ulterior purpose was to open up the slave trade. This was followed immediately by a decree declaring the property of all enemies of the State forfeited to the Republic, and a commission was appointed to take possession of all such properties.

These things led to an alienation of many of the leading natives from the Americans, and between the two came a breach that grew wider and wider as time passed. Finally, President Rivas himself fled from Leon to Chinandega, and established communication with former enemies of the Democratic party, listening without reluctance to the plea that the safety and integrity of all the Central American republics was threatened by the presence of the Americans in Nicaragua. Following the defection of President Rivas, Walker was elected president of the Republic, and the oath administered to him in the plaza at Granada. He named his cabinet as follows: Minister of Relation, Don Fermin Ferrer; Minister of War, Don Mateo Pineda; Minister of Hacienda, Don Manuel Carrascosa.

Don Patricio Rivas, General Salazar, General Jerez and other Democratic leaders were soon in open revolt against their former allies. General Walker hastened to Leon, where his presence for a time stayed the disaffection, but it was apparent that Rivas, Salazar and Jerez were brooding treachery, and that their proposal that the number of Americans in the army be reduced had an ulterior motive. General Walker returned to Granada convinced that his whole reliance must be

placed in the Americans. Two days later Rivas and Salazar were in rebellion and had established themselves at Chinandega, from whence they sent invitations to the other Central American Republics to invade Nicaragua and drive out the Americans. Of all the great leaders, only General Pineda, Colonel Valle, Fermin Ferrer and two others, remained true to Walker and the Americans.

I am induced to consider the subject of African slavery only because of the several published statements that the re-establishment of African slavery was one of the primary purposes that led General Walker to Nicaragua in May, 1855, and that his plans had been formed and fully matured before his departure from the United States. Indeed, some of these publications have asserted that Southern statesmen were behind the movement, an assertion utterly untenable and unsupported by the slightest evidence, and wholly disproved by Walker himself, as I hope to show.

First, there is not in existence, and never was, any speech, writing or other document issuing from Walker himself, or bearing his indorsement, upon which such a conclusion, by inference or otherwise, could be founded. I have always insisted, and still insist, that the subject took root and form in the mind of General Walker in the early summer of 1856, a year or more after his arrival in Nicaragua, and after he had investigated and studied the social and economic conditions in that country.

What are the grounds upon which these publications base their statement? In the absence of any utterance upon the subject by General Walker himself, one is forced to the conclusion that inferences for this statement were drawn from a chapter in a book, "The War

in Nicaragua," written by General Walker upon his return to the United States after his surrender at Rivas, May 1, 1857. Allowance has not been made for the circumstances under which this chapter was written, nor for the purpose it was intended to serve. The actual purpose of this chapter of General Walker's book is a vital question in the solution of this controversy.

Briefly, General Walker had incurred the hostility of the whole press in Northern states, as well as in England, by the decree of September 22, 1856, a decree that was intended to pave the way for the re-establishment of slavery, if in fact the decree did not specifically re-establish it. General Walker at that time was engaged in organizing an expedition to return to Nicaragua to regain the government and the Presidency, of which he insisted he had been wrongfully and unjustly deprived by foreign interference, and that if success was to attend his efforts he must look to that people and section of the United States whose traditions, interests and sympathies were closely interwoven with American occupation and dominance in Nicaragua—the South. When read in the light of this opinion, his chapter furnishes nothing to sustain the conclusions of those who assert the contrary view.

It should be borne in mind that there is no controversy between the writer of these reminiscences and others as to General Walker's opinion of African slavery, for it was fully conceded that he was an advocate of this institution to an extreme degree, and believed in it with the same zeal and fervor that a Christian believes in the truth of the Christian religion; the only divergence is that of time and place in relation to his

decision to re-establish African slavery as an administrative policy in reforming conditions in Nicaragua, to escape those that he believed were destructive of the progress and the autonomy of the state.

Furthermore, in the army and in the civil departments were many Northern and Eastern men who by birth, education and environment had no sympathy with African slavery, and it is hardly to be supposed that they would have linked their fortunes with a leader whose avowed purpose before going to Nicaragua was to establish slavery. Of these men I can recall only a few: Colonel Frank Anderson, Captain McArdle, Captain B. F. O'Keefe, Colonel Wilson, Captain William Williamson and Captain Dewitt Clinton, all of the State of New York. The states of Ohio, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, and other free states, were fairly represented, and in my own command, Company D, First Infantry, there were several from Illinois.

In further support of my opinion, I offer what may be called negative testimony, which may be accepted as reasonably positive and direct. General D. B. Fry, General Edward J. Sanders, Colonel Alfred Swingle, General C. F. Henningsen, Colonel Byron Cole, General C. C. Hornsby, Colonel John B. Markham—Hornsby and Markham belonging to the original fifty-eight that went with Walker in the brig *Vesta* to Nicaragua—and Colonel E. J. C. Kewen, a civil officer and an intimate friend and adviser of Walker, were all companions and close friends of the writer. In our frequent social and business intercourse, we often discussed the conditions in Nicaragua, as well as our own hopes and ambitions, yet in none of these conversations was it ever intimated by any one that African

slavery was a preconceived purpose or an active motive in the coming of Walker to Nicaragua. It is unreasonable to suppose that the fact, if true, would not have been mentioned, as there were no restrictions upon our conversation. Again, the administration organ, *El Nicaraguense,* printed half in English and half in Spanish, never referred to the subject as a government policy, until the summer of 1856, though it freely discussed all Nicaraguan problems, many of its articles being written by General Walker. The impartial and intelligent reader may form his own judgment from these facts.

The real underlying purpose of Walker's going to Nicaragua, in my opinion, was empire in the tropics, with Walker as the central figure. Of this I never had any doubt. And will any one say it was an ambition unworthy the man that conceived the project, and had the courage and indomitable will to attempt its execution? Had Walker been finally victorious in Nicaragua, there must inevitably have followed quickly an absorption of the four other Central American States, culminating in a confederacy, with General Walker as first consul or automatic ruler of the whole.

The midsummer of 1856 saw the flag of the Nicaraguan navy floating over the waters of the blue Pacific, and man for man and gun for gun, a better navy never fired a broadside. This navy was an accident of war. The Costa Rican schooner *San Jose,* with a cargo of merchandise, principally claret wine—as I well remember—entered San Juan del Sur, and cast anchor. She was sailing under the flag of the United States, but there were circumstances that led General Hornsby, commanding the Department, to question the right of the *San Jose* to sail under the

American flag, and she was seized and held, pending a full inquiry.

It was found that the *San Jose* was sailing under a fraudulent letter, and that her real owner was General Mariano Salazar, to whom belonged one-half the cargo, and who was levying war against Nicaragua. Both the vessel and the cargo were confiscated. The *San Jose* was converted into a vessel-of-war, the *Granada,* and placed in command of Captain Callender I. Fayssoux. The glory of arms was never upheld more bravely than by Captain Fayssoux.

At this time Colonel Jack Allen of Kentucky arrived at Granada with one hundred recruits for the army, and on July 6 the arrival of another one hundred recruits added further strength to Walker's forces.

Major Waters of the Rangers, the only cavalry force in Walker's army, now undertook a reconnoiter of Leon, and found that city garrisoned by a heavy force of Guatemalan troops under General Parades.

The troubles of the Americans grew more complicated by the refusal of Mr. Marcy, Secretary of State of the United States, to receive Father Vigil as the minister of the new government of Nicaragua. Secretary Marcy had not escaped the influence of the powerful owners of the Accessory Transit Company, and was aware of the threatening attitude of the English navy in Central American waters.

General Salazar did not long survive his desertion of the cause for which the Americans were fighting. While crossing the Bay of Fonseca in a small boat, he was captured by Captain Fayssoux and carried on board the *Granada,* and taken to the city of that name. In the public plaza in the afternoon of August 3, 1856, Salazar was shot as a traitor.

In the hope of saving the life of General Salazar, the enemy arrested Dr. Livingston, an American citizen, who had been many years in business at Leon, and wrote to General Walker that Livingston would be shot should Salazar be executed. This made no impression upon Walker. The enemy feared to take Livingston's life, and the receipt of a sharp note from Mr. Wheeler, United States minister, at Granada, caused Livingston to be liberated.

The note written by Minister Wheeler was in the true American spirit. It was addressed to General Ramon Bellosa, the commander of the allies, and read: "If one hair of Dr. Livingston's head is injured, or his life taken or that of any other American citizen, your government and that of Guatemala will feel the force of a power which, while it respects the rights of other nations, will be ready and is able to vindicate its own honor and protect the lives and property of its citizens."

During the month of August, and while each side was straining every nerve in its preparation for the coming struggle, one Captain Turley, with a whole company of Rangers, deserted, after having been sent to the Tipitapa country on the shores of Lake Managua. These men were new arrivals, and certain circumstances pointed to the belief that their desertion had been arranged before they reached Nicaragua. It seems that they intended to raid through the mining region of Chontales, and after a season of robbery and plunder, escape to the sea by way of the Bluefields river. The character of these men was discovered by citizens near Libertad, Chontales, and they were surrounded and their surrender demanded. The freebooters were out of ammunition, and laid down their

arms, whereupon all except two, who escaped in the confusion, were shot and killed.

During this interval, the allies were collecting in large force at Leon, and indirectly were being armed by the English government, whose consul, Mr. Manning, did all he could to provide arms and equipment. Manning hated the Americans, and at the same time found profit in the sale of supplies to the allies.

Early in September a strong body of the enemy took position on the San Jacinto Cattle Ranch, near the Tipitapa. Lieutenant Colonel McDonald, with Captain Jarvis' company undertook to dislodge them, but was beaten back with great loss, Captain Jarvis receiving a mortal wound. When this news reached Granada, sixty-five officers and a number of citizens volunteered to form an expedition to storm the place, and asked the consent of General Walker to undertake the enterprise. General Walker gave his permission, but not without reluctance, as he doubted its success. Among those of most prominence who took part in this hazardous feat of arms, I recall the names of Colonel Byron Cole, Major Cal. O'Neil, Captain Watkins, Captain Lewis, Captain Morris, Lieutenant Connor, Lieutenant Brady, Lieutenant Crowell, Lieutenant Hutchins, Lieutenant Kiel, Lieutenant Reader, Lieutenant Sherman, and citizens Robert Milligan, who was a former lieutenant, Wiley Marshall, and Chas. Callahan, correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*. The assault was repulsed with terrible slaughter, Cole, Marshall, Callahan, Watkins and Milligan being killed, and nearly one-third the force being either killed or wounded, among the wounded being Major O'Neal.

During August, September and the first week of October, 1856, the First Infantry was guarding the

Meridional Department, General Hornsby commanding, with small garrisons at San Juan del Sur, Rivas, and La Virgen. I was at La Virgen, in compulsory idleness, because of my wounds. We were threatened daily by the enemy who engaged frequently with our scouting parties. Our only supply of portfire was on board the *Granada,* anchored half a mile from shore at San Juan del Sur, and as the rainy season had set in, the lack of portfire made it impossible to use our two small cannon.

Fearing attack during rain, General Hornsby called for a volunteer to run the gauntlet to San Juan del Sur and bring back a supply of portfire. I told General Hornsby that if he would give me the fine dun horse owned by the hotel-keeper Girard, or Garrett, my remembrance of the name being uncertain, as a mount, I would attempt the journey. The horse was soon standing saddled at my quarters. Putting two navy six-shooters in my holsters, and stripping myself of all unnecessary clothing, I mounted and galloped away.

I arrived safely at San Juan del Sur, and rowed out to the *Granada* and back in twenty minutes, bringing with me a quantity of portfire. I started at full speed upon my return, and was making good progress when my horse staggered and fell in the highway near a *hacienda* three miles from La Virgen. Without asking permission, I leaped upon a horse that stood hitched at the *hacienda* gate, and was soon at headquarters, having made the round trip of twenty-six miles across hilly country in two hours and five minutes. The hotel-keeper never forgave me for the ruin of his horse, but the occasion demanded the sacrifice.

A rather ludicrous incident occurred in September, 1856, while a part of the First Infantry, under Colonel John B. Markham was stationed at San Juan del Sur. Late one afternoon the French frigate of war *Embuscade* entered the port and cast anchor. Colonel Markham knew nothing of naval etiquette, but wishing to show the French flag all possible respect, he took several of his officers and an interpreter, and went next morning about 9 o'clock in a large bungo, or native boat, to the French vessel and was soon aboard. A French officer appeared, whereupon Colonel Markham ordered the interpreter to say that the commanding officer of the American forces had called to pay his respects as the official representative of the Nicaraguan government. To this the French officer replied instantly in good, strong vigorous English that he would give us just five minutes to leave the *Embuscade* and enter our boat.

We did not linger a moment, and in the greatest chagrin scrambled down the side of the French frigate in haste that might have been amusing to a disinterested spectator. To us poor devils who meant only civility, the affront was a sting to our military pride. Colonel Markham swore that he would have revenge at the first opportunity, even if he had to swim to the *Embuscade* and put a shell under her hull and touch it off with his own hand.

In the afternoon of that day the commander of the frigate came ashore with a squad of marines, and when he had approached within a few yards of Colonel Markham's headquarters, sent an officer to announce his official visit of courtesy. Markham's adjutant met the officer at the door and in reply to the official message, informed him that Colonel Markham wished

to be understood as refusing to receive the commander of the *Embuscade* officially or in any other capacity. The naturally florid face of the commander grew more deeply crimson when Colonel Markham's message was conveyed to him. He entered the office of the French consul in great anger, and made many threats of what he would do if Colonel Markham did not apologize.

The French consul, in addition to his official duties, conducted a drinking resort, called the "Dime Saloon," where the Americans did their tippling. Few of them had money, and it was customary to tell the owner of the saloon to "chalk it down," which he did. Many of these "running accounts" had stretched out to considerable length, without satisfactory evidence of any intention of early payment. The commander of the *Embuscade* saw his opportunity, and took these accounts and presented them to General Walker. General Walker looked at the bills and then at the officer, and with Chesterfieldian politeness handed them back with the statement that the Nicaraguan government at that particular time was not paying bills of that kind. It is possible that the French consul, if still in business at his old place, has these accounts as a part of his uncollected assets.

It was suspected that upon his return to San Juan del Sur, the French commander's choler, which had been seething for several days, would seek vent. He restrained himself, however, and went aboard his vessel and steamed away. We never learned whether we had violated some ironclad rule of naval etiquette by our visit aboard the *Embuscade,* or whether the French commander scorned us as pirates. His peremptory order was due probably to the latter, as the European press had portrayed Walker and his men as buccaneers.

placed in the Americans. Two days later Rivas and Salazar were in rebellion and had established themselves at Chinandega, from whence they sent invitations to the other Central American Republics to invade Nicaragua and drive out the Americans. Of all the great leaders, only General Pineda, Colonel Valle, Fermin Ferrer and two others, remained true to Walker and the Americans.

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The meeting between Major Schwartz and Judge Jackson of the First Court of Instance, took place on the sea beach a mile north of San Juan del Sur in 1856. Captain William Williamson of the First Infantry was second for Schwartz, and Judge Jackson requested and obtained my services to act in the same capacity for him. The weapons selected were Mississippi dueling pistols, and the distance fifteen paces, line shots, the firing to take place between the words "fire" and "three."

An American silver dime was tossed up for the word, and Captain Williamson won. Both men took their places, and without a tremor awaited the word, and when it was given both fired simultaneously, and within the word; neither was hit. While the seconds were preparing for a second shot, friends intervened, and the controversy was adjusted to the satisfaction of the principals.

Judge Jackson insisted that he fired in the air, and I believe that he did, for on our way to the ground he told me that he would rather be killed than to have the blood of Major Schwartz on his hands. But I could not make this known to his adversary while the duel was pending.

I witnessed another meeting between two lieutenants on the lake beach at Granada, which had a more dramatic ending. They had taken their positions, each with his pistol in his hand, and were waiting for the word, when Lieutenant Morgan, and aide-de-camp to General Walker, was seen approaching rapidly on horseback, his sword flashing in the sun. When he arrived, he said: "Gentlemen, General Walker presents his compliments, and directs me to say that the duel may continue, but that he wishes to inform you

that the survivor will be shot." It is unnecessary to say that this brought the affair to an abrupt ending.

Colonel Piper and Colonel Sanders threw down the glove at La Virgen, Colonel Piper, I believe, sending the challenge, which permitted Sanders to name the distance and the weapons. He chose rifles, and fixed the distance at five paces, a grim and deadly ultimatum. When the proposal was laid before Colonel Piper he declined to accept it, and immediately resigned his commission in the army, and left on the first steamer for the United States.

The meeting between Colonel Henry and Colonel Rogers at Bay St. Louis, though it does not come within the scope of these reminiscences, was a notable affair. These gallant officers afterwards became warm personal friends.

Fiery temper and smell of much gunpowder caused even friends at times to be unmindful of the ties of affection, though shame-faced apologies were afterwards made. One of my closest friends was Colonel Markham. Contrary to what I believed were military regulations, he ordered my sergeant to make a detail of men for certain duty. Finding my men out of quarters, I ordered them back, and told Colonel Markham that such details should not be made without my knowledge. He took offense at this, and later in the day our conversation was renewed in a group of officers that had met for social purposes. Colonel Markham said that he intended making another order next day, and I replied that the men would be ordered back as often as they were called out. By implication he then challenged me, saying that if he met me next morning in a certain street, at a certain hour, he would settle the matter.

There was no mistaking his meaning, and in anger I began arming myself the moment we dispersed. I knew that Colonel "Cal" O'Neil owned an excellent pair of horse-pistols, each firing a single shot, the bullet being almost as large as a marble. Without letting him know why I wished to use it, I borrowed one of these pistols, and loaded it to the muzzle, placing three or four bullets in the barrel.

Before morning came, General Hornsby heard of the impending encounter and placed both Colonel Markham and myself under arrest, confining us in quarters, which prevented our meeting at the appointed time. Our anger had cooled greatly in the meantime, and it was not difficult for friends to effect a reconciliation. We shook hands, and laughed at our impetuous conduct of the preceding day.

I returned Colonel O'Neil's pistol to him without drawing the load. O'Neil saw that the charge was a heavy one, and told his orderly to empty the pistol by firing it. The unlucky orderly blazed away, and the pistol rebounded with terrific force, the barrel striking him across the forehead, and knocking him senseless to the ground. A physician was hastily called to revive the orderly, who remained unconscious for nearly an hour.

"I might have missed you, Jamison," said Markham smilingly, "but still would have brought you down with your own pistol."

In a billiard hall at Granada I witnessed a lively shooting scrape between General E. J. Sanders and Colonel J. Markham. Each was under the influence of liquor. I cannot recall the cause of their quarrel, or who was the aggressor. Each was armed with a Colt's six-shooter. The shooting began from oppo-

site sides of the hall, three or four billiard tables separating the combatants. Neither was wounded, though there were bullet holes in their clothing, and the billiard tables bore many marks of the fray.

Nothing in my life ever brought me more poignant regret than the killing of my Second Lieutenant Kruger by my First Lieutenant D. Barney Woolf. I have always held myself in blame for this unhappy affair. While my company was stationed at La Virgen, on Lake Nicaragua, in the summer of 1856, passengers passing over the Transit Route between the Pacific and the Atlantic, frequently made excursions to the nearby Nicaraguan cities, or explored the neighboring country to behold its beauties. Usually, they were given a military escort.

I was still inactive from my wounds when Lieutenant Kruger came to me one morning and asked if he might accompany a party of ladies and gentlemen to Rivas, a steamer having lately discharged its passengers at La Virgen, on their way to San Francisco. I told him that he should get permission from Lieutenant Woolf who was in command of the company. Lieutenant Kruger replied that he had been searching for Lieutenant Woolf, but had been unable to find him, and that the party was ready to begin the journey. As captain of the company, I finally gave him permission to go, telling him that I would speak to Lieutenant Woolf of what I had done.

To my lasting regret, I failed to see Lieutenant Wool before the return of Lieutenant Kruger, who immediately upon his arrival was placed under arrest for absenting himself from his command without leave.

At regimental review in the afternoon, which was witnessed by all the steamship passengers, among them

arms, whereupon all except two, who escaped in the confusion, were shot and killed.

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J. C. JAMISON.
From a picture of recent date.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOCIAL LIFE IN NICARAGUA.

Social Gaities—Sunshine and Flowers—French Consul—Scarcity of Cash—Chalk It Down—Sword Exercises—The Old Don—Hanging Bee—Spies in San Juan—Father Vigil—Affecting Scéne—Warrior—Dead, Grasping His Rifle—King of the Mosquito Kingdom—Captain Kinney.

There was a softer side than the booming of cannon to the sojourn of the Americans in Nicaragua. Many of the adventurous followers that General Walker drew to his banner were men of lively imagination and much physical prowess, susceptible to the charms of beautiful women, and acquainted with the pleasures of elegant society. In a remoter age their very temperament would have led them to fight the Saracenic hosts of Saladin or, again, to risk their lives against the Moors in Spain. Though, occasionally, there may have been found among them a Falstaff, yet there were men who would have been worthy the companionship of the knightly Chandos.

In the larger cities of Nicaragua and at the great *haciendas* were families that preserved the aristocratic customs and traditions of their Spanish ancestors. They possessed wealth, and lived in luxury. Frequently, their sons and daughters were educated at the universities and the convents of Europe, and in this way exclusive Nicaraguan society maintained an elegance and brilliancy, a delicacy and refinement, that found expression in the grace of its women and the gallantry of its men. It was noticeable that ladies

of Castillian blood were fairer and sometimes more attractive than their swarthier companions. A number of times in addressing one of these daughters of Castile as a Spaniard, I was rebuked instantly by her saying indignantly "I am a pure Castillian."

The tropical luxuriance of its flowers, its sparkling sunshine, its blue skies, and the soft languor of its moonlit nights, made Nicaragua a land where one's heart was keenly susceptible to romance and sentiment. While pianos were to be found in Nicaraguan homes, yet the guitar, softer and sweeter than in a northern clime, was the favorite musical instrument, and its tinkling accompaniment to the song of some lovely woman filled softly many a night at Rivas, at Granada, at Leon and at San Juan del Sur. Wine was served almost to the exclusion of liquors, and was used generously, ladies drinking modestly in the presence of gentlemen.

It was but natural that the hearts of even warlike "filibusteros" should soften under such influences, and that in turn there should be yielding by dark-eyed beauties to suppliants for their love. A number of the Americans married estimable Nicaraguan women, and became citizens of that country—like the Lotus-Eaters, they never returned to their native land. Others loved honorably, and then sailed away, driven across seas by the evil fortunes of war.

The charm and beauty of these Latin women has been celebrated in verse by one who knew them well, General Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar, who was resident United States minister at Costa Rica and Nicaragua in 1858. These are the lines of his "The Daughter of Mendoza:"

O lend to me, sweet nightingale,
  Your music by the fountains!
And lend to me your cadences,
  O river of the mountains!
That I may sing my gay brunette,
  A diamond spark in coral set,
Gem for a prince's coronet—
  The daughter of Mendoza.

How brilliant is the morning star!
  The evening star how tender!
The light of both is in her eye,
  Their softness and their splendor.
But for the lash that shades their light,
  They are too dazzling for the sight;
And when she shuts them, all is night—
  The daughter of Mendoza.

O! ever bright and beauteous one,
  Bewildering and beguiling,
The lute is in thy silvery tones,
  The rainbow in thy smiling.
And thine, too, o'er hill and dell,
  The bounding of the young gazelle,
The arrow's flight and ocean's swell—
  Sweet daughter of Mendoza.

What though, perchance, we meet no more?
  What though too soon we sever?
Thy form will float like emerald light
  Before my vision ever.
For who can see and then forget
  The glories of my gay brunette?
Thou art too bright a star to set—
  Sweet daughter of Mendoza!

When not actively campaigning, the Americans were quartered in the towns, and in these intervals there was much merry-making. A regimental band at headquarters gave dash and enthusiasm to public occasions. Officers were entertained at the homes of citizens, where there was cards, dancing and feasting. It was inevitable that the Americans should play at cards among themselves, though not always for the mere pleasure, and that there should be the revelry of wine-suppers. It may not be doubted that at times these affairs became drinking bouts at which only the strongest heads remained above table. General Walker was never present at these festivities, and if he drank at all, I never knew it. More than once the Americans went unexpectedly into battle with the wine still tingling in their veins. Upon such occasions there was always an earlier flight of the enemy.

A favorite resort of the Americans at San Juan del Sur was the "Dime" saloon, owned by the French consul, a canny man, and in front of which a large oak tree spread its grateful shade. The saloon looked out upon the Pacific ocean. The building was a frame structure, with the bar-room at the entrance, back of which was a room given over to general merchandising, while at the rear were the living apartments of the consul. The latter was an obliging soul. The Nicaraguan government provided its troops with clothing and equipment, but was rarely able to give them money. Private funds were soon exhausted, and much of the time the most dashing cavalier in the army could not find a penny in his pocket. Such money as was current came from the United States, the Nicaraguan government issuing neither coin nor currency. The drinks that passed over the bar of the

"Dime" saloon were no sooner tossed off than the consul was told to "chalk it down," which he did with amazing grace. I am positive that in the aggregate these accounts amounted to thousands of dollars, and there is no evidence that they were ever paid. The consul, however, recouped his losses by selling his merchandise to the government at large profit.

When the Costa Rican schooner *San Jose,* with a full cargo of claret wine, was captured by Captain Fayssoux at San Juan del Sur in 1856, a liberal portion of its cargo was distributed among the officers of the army, and because of it I smilingly received a rebuke from a superior officer. I made a requisition upon General Hornsby in these words: "Please honor this for two cases of wine." General Hornsby gruffly denied the requisition, saying that "please" was not military. I got my wine by one stroke of my pen.

The Americans were uniformed in motley fashion. There was no regulation army uniform, and even if there had been the government was without funds for its maintenance. Most of the officers wore the uniform of their rank in the United States army, many bringing their uniforms with them to Nicaragua. I remember the grand appearance of Colonel "Billy" Wilson upon his arrival from New York, with five or six Saratoga trunks filled with sartorial equipment. His uniform outshone all others in Nicaragua. He was a man of wealth, and could freely indulge himself in such things. I recall with keenest satisfaction his having one trunk full of fine linen shirts, which he distributed generously among his friends, half a dozen or more falling to my depleted wardrobe.

Colonel Wilson befriended me in an even more substantial manner, after I left Nicaragua, and was

trying to reach my home in Missouri. I landed in New York penniless, and soon found my way to what was called "Nicaraguan Headquarters," a resort kept by a man named Lawrence. There I met Colonel Wilson who asked me what my plans were, and upon my telling him of my predicament he gave me a railroad pass from New York to Alton, Illinois, where I took passage on a steamboat for St. Louis.

Our weapons were antiquated, being the regulation smooth-bore, cap and ball United States army musket, old-fashioned Colt's pistols, and sabers. The Rangers —Walker's cavalry—were armed with rifles, pistols and sabers. There was daily instruction and exercise in swordsmanship, several of the officers being remarkably skillful with the sword, notably Captain William Williamson and Captain McArdle, the latter being the army's instructor in swordsmanship. At San Juan del Sur I saw six men with improvised muskets and bayonets attack Captain Williamson without being able to touch him, so dexterously did he use his sword.

During the whole summer and part of the early fall of 1856, the brigade headquarters in the Meridional Department was subject to sudden removal from place to place, being sometimes at La Virgen, San Juan del Sur, Rivas, and San Jorge. While we were temporarily at Rivas, several Dons of the wealthier class were placed under arrest and confined in the guard house, that they might be questioned by a military commission as to their loyalty. At San Jorge one of these proud old fellows played a trick upon me that caused me to feel both chagrin and anger. His conduct, though not apparent at the time, was intended to bring about his ultimate escape. Orders had been given to move from Rivas to San Jorge, three miles

nearer the lake, and as I had not fully recovered from my wounds I was allowed to ride horseback, a privilege enjoyed only by officers of the staff and the Rangers under Colonel Waters.

Just as the troops were about to move, the old Don, the charges against whom were vague and indefinite, asked to be saved the disgrace of travelling with the prisoners of war, and told General Hornsby that he would accept it as a personal compliment if permitted to ride as my companion. General Hornsby gave his consent, requiring me to be personally responsible for the delivery of the Don at San Jorge, and the Don and I rode gaily away.

In addition to a number of *haciendas,* the old Don owned a magnificent home at San Jorge, where his family resided. We had ridden far in advance of the troops, and had grown hungry, when the Don suggested that we take dinner at his home before reporting. The dinner was excellent, as was his wine. His wife and his three attractive daughters sat with us, and after our glasses had been filled several times, the Don excused himself to enter an adjoining room. The ladies brought more wine, and our glasses were not set aside. Suddenly, it dawned upon me that the Don had not returned. I sprang to my feet, and demanded of my hostess the whereabouts of her husband. She smiled demurely, and with a twinkling eye assured me that she did not know. With revolver in hand, I searched the upper and lower floors of the building, but the Don had vanished. I searched the grounds, and then the adjacent grounds without a trace of him.

Mounting my horse I rode rapidly to headquarters, to report my misfortune to General Hornsby. Im-

agine my surprise and chagrin at seeing the old Don relating to General Hornsby with many bows and gestures, the story of his departure from his dinner table, where he said he had "left El Capitan drinking wine with the ladies." He had come alone to General Hornsby, he said, to prove that he had no idea of trying to escape, and to show that his home was always open to the Americans. The old rascal's ruse was effective, as General Hornsby released him upon parole. Two weeks later the Don was missing and could not be found.

One day a soldier died, and the acting regimental quartermaster took charge of his effects. The report grew current that the soldier had four $20 gold pieces in his pockets at the time of his death, and that they had disappeared, though whether or not the report was true I never learned. It was sufficient, however, to lead to a scene that came near shattering the nerves of the acting quartermaster. In the afternoon a "Judge Lynch" court was assembled in front of the "Dime" saloon by the frequenters of that resort, all of whom at this time happened to be enlisted men, to try the acting quartermaster upon the charge of stealing the gold from the dead man's body.

It is needless to say that the acting quartermaster was found guilty, and that death by hanging was the verdict. The affair was intended as a joke, but without the knowledge of the accused, who never may have learned that he was the victim of a farce. A rope was procured and thrown over one of the branches of the oak, and one end fastened round the neck of the prisoner. A number of speeches were made, for and against the execution, until somebody made the proposal that if the acting quartermaster

would "set up" a ten-gallon keg of old whiskey from the "Dime" saloon he would be released. This carried with a hurrah, and the prisoner was given his liberty. Next morning the acting quartermaster was missing, and I never again saw him in San Juan del Sur. The affair was a disgrace to those involved, and may be excused only upon the plea that soldiers not kept constantly upon active duty often do things that justly invite severest censure. The acting quartermaster, as a matter of fact, was a most excellent man.

General Hornsby, a native of Columbus, Mississippi, was a man of commanding presence, being more than six feet tall, and as straight as a Cheyenne arrow. Though affable and pleasant in conversation, he was a man of great dignity, which was enhanced by a long beard, slightly tinged with gray. There was not a better rifle shot in Nicaragua. At one time the Costa Ricans were known to have many spies in San Juan del Sur, and orders were given to hunt them down and shoot them. General Hornsby himself shot and killed a spy in attempting to arrest him. A morning or two afterwards, just at daylight, I detected a spy and commanded him to halt. The man fled to the nearby residence of the French consul. My bullet lodged in the facing of the door, while the spy escaped through the hallway to the grounds at the rear of the building.

In the afternoon of October 13, 1856, I witnessed a scene at Granada so moving in its simple pathos that tears filled the eyes of every man that saw it. On the preceding day had been fought the drawn battle of Masaya, in which Zavala's butchers had slain in cold blood many of our most devoted companions and friends, among them several resident Protestant ministers. Zavala had just been driven from Granada,

where two hundred of his dead lay in the streets, alleys and houses, while an equal number of his wounded had been given over to the mercy of the Americans. General Walker had not slept for two nights and two days, and feeling the need of rest, entered a building opposite the San Francisco cathedral, where were a number of his officers, among them being Colonel Markham, Major Sutter, Captain Lewis, Major Schwarts and myself. He lay down in a hammock in the room, and was soon in profound slumber.

Shortly afterwards Father Vigil, worn and anxious, entered the room silently and reverently, and standing with outstretched hands over the slumbering chieftain, offered a silent prayer, tears streaming down his pallid cheeks as his lips moved in his supplication. Turning quietly, Father Vigil departed. Not a word had been spoken. Men whose eyes had not been wet with tears in many a year bowed their heads to conceal their emotion, so greatly were they moved by the devotion of this humble priest.

"Warrior" was the name affectionately bestowed upon him by *La Falanga Americana.* Warrior was a dog. If he ever had another name, it was hidden in obscurity, as was his ancestral tree. His home was at Granada, the army headquarters. When the bugle notes or the drum taps sounded, he was the first to reach the parade grounds, and on the march or in the thick of battle Warrior always was near the front, with ears alert and tail erect, as eager for the fray as the most daring in the command. At the firing of our cannon, Warrior would leap forward and follow the belching smoke to the very jaws of the enemy, and then retire slowly and sullenly, stopping at intervals to glance back at his foes. Though always at

the front in line of battle, no bullet ever marred his shaggy hide; he seemed to possess a charmed life. In him there was no element of treachery or disloyalty. Bribes and caresses he disdained.

Victory and defeat each produced upon Warrior the same effect perceived in the soldiers. Disaster to our arms brought him home with drooping head. He was one of the volunteers in the fight at San Jacinto, September 14, 1856. The members of this expedition were officers, ex-officers and civilians who had volunteered to undertake what they knew was a hazardous enterprise. Most of them were killed. When the expedition marched away, Warrior was seen at the front, overjoyed at the prospect of adventure. In the retreat from San Jacinto, Warrior appeared dejected and disconsolate. He dropped from the front to the rear, and maintained this place in the line until he entered Granada with his head lowered and his tail between his legs.

I was never more deeply impressed with the strange attitudes maintained by men shot dead in battle than I was at Masaya, October 12, 1856. While making a reconnaissance, I stopped beside a soldier who was resting on one knee, with his rifle across the railing of a portico, firing at the enemy as their heads appeared above a stone wall on the opposite side of the street. A bullet struck him in the head and killed him so instantly that he never moved. I did not have the least suspicion of what had befallen him, until orders were given to withdraw to a position of greater safety. Then it was found that the poor fellow was still grasping his rifle, as if taking aim.

During the time General Walker was in control of the government of Nicaragua there came to him sev-

eral times upon ambassadorial visits the king of the "Mosquito Kingdom," who always represented himself to be sorely in need of liquor. The Mosquito Kingdom, as it was then called, lay along the Carribean coast, from the mouth of the Coco River to the mouth of the San Juan river, a region of swamps, mosquitos and malaria. England assumed to exercise a kind of protectorate over this territory, and even appointed its ruler, known as King of the Mosquito Kingdom, whose required qualifications were general stupidity and subserviency to the English government, which maintained establishments for trade at San Juan and Bluefields.

The king that ruled at the time of our presence in Nicaragua was a negro named Walk, the blackest negro I ever saw in my life. When drunk, which was his usual condition, King Walk insisted that his name was so nearly that of General Walker's that undoubtedly the two were kinsmen. Luckily for King Walk, he never expressed this opinion to General Walker. The thirst of King Walk for brandy was exceeded only by his capacity for stowing it away.

In the spring of 1856, an adventurer named Captain Kinney became a claimant for the throne of the Mosquito Kingdom, and came to Granada to propose some kind of offensive and defensive alliance to General Walker. The interview was short. It was reported at the time that General Walker gave Captain Kinney a minimum time in which to leave the soil of Nicaragua, and hastened his departure by sending with him to the wharf an aide-de-camp. I saw Captain Kinney passing down the street on horseback, and he seemed to be in a hurry. Neither Captain Kinney nor his proposed government was ever heard of again at Granada.

CHAPTER IX.

MASAYA AND DESTRUCTION OF GRANADA.

Battle of Masaya—Battle of Granada—on the Transit—Henningsen Arrives—Second Battle of Masaya—Siege and Burning of Granada—Cholera—Terrible Suffering—Desperate Fighting—General Zavala—Death of Cherokee Sam—Rescue of Henningsen—Captain Fayssoux's Great Naval Victory.

In October the allied army began moving in the direction of Granada, the Americans retiring from Managua toward Masaya, and later toward Granada, upon the approach of the enemy to Masaya. Major John Waters with his Rangers followed slowly at our rear, watching the enemy. At Nindiri, a league from Masaya, the army of General Belloso was joined by that of General Martinez, swelling the entire force to more than 2,400 men, while the largest force that Walker could muster did not exceed 800. A part of the infantry, including my company, was ordered moved to Granada with all possible dispatch.

The enemy, however, halted at Masaya, twelve miles from Granada. General Belloso made no further advance, and on October 11, General Walker moved with his army and two twelve-pound howitzers to attack Belloso at Masaya. Walker's advance reached the outskirts of Masaya shortly after dark, entering the streets leading to the plazuela San Sebastian. A sharp encounter took place here, and the enemy retired into the city.

Throughout the night there was irregular firing on both sides. The two howitzers were mounted on a

slight elevation commanding the plazuela San Sebastian, near the road. I was ordered to take two companies and support the battery. Just as the first light of dawn was breaking, Major Schwartz, chief of artillery, threw a few shells into the little plaza, and with a yell and a rush the First Rifles and the First Infantry simultaneously entered just in time to see the heels of the fleeing enemy, and capture a fine breakfast that was ready to be served.

The enemy retreated to the main plaza, where it was impossible to dislodge them with our small force. The fight was maintained with stubbornness and many feats of personal daring throughout the day and until 12 o'clock at night, when a courier arrived with the startling news that the enemy had entered Granada in strong force. This proved only too true, General Zavala, with 700 men, covering his movements by a circuitous march, had fallen suddenly upon the little force left under Colonel B. D. Fry to guard our headquarters and war material, and was besieging them.

The siege of Masaya was ordered raised, and a forced march was begun, to save our capital and its handful of defenders. Colonel Fry had less than 200 men, many of these being in the hospital. As the succoring army neared the city, the constant firing became sharp and distinct. Colonel Markham was in advance with his infantry, my company leading; just as it turned a sharp curve to enter Granada near the Jalteva church at double quick, two sharp reports came from a concealed battery at the edge of the city, and two solid shot passed over our heads. One broadside from a mountain howitzer that was rushed to the front, followed by a yell and a charge, gave the battery of

the enemy into our hands. The enemy fled in every direction. We pushed on rapidly to the main plaza, where there was desperate fighting for fifteen minutes. The forces of Zavala broke, and left their dead and wounded in our hands. Few prisoners were taken by the Americans in this engagement. General Walker had great difficulty in restraining his men, and scores of the enemy were shot down without mercy. This was done in retaliation for the brutal murders the allies had committed in Granada before our arrival. Human nature is alike the world over, and when it suffers wrong and outrage it cries for revenge, however softened it may be by the precepts of religion or tempered by civilization.

While holding a greater part of the city, the enemy had assaulted and murdered many inoffensive persons who had no connection with Walker's army. John B. Lawless, an old and respected citizen, the Rev. W. J. Ferguson, a Methodist minister, and the Rev. D. H. Wheeler, agent of the American Bible Society, were torn from their families and taken to the plaza and ruthlessly shot to death. A six-year-old boy, seated at the dinner table, was shot down by a Guatemalan soldier. As if to glut their fury, the American flag over the residence of the American Minister was riddled with bullets, and a number of women that had taken shelter beneath this flag were saved from death only by the heroic action of a few riflemen stationed at a point that commanded the residence.

I saw scores of the enemy shot down while holding up their hands in token of surrender. At the San Francisco convent, where I had been ordered with a detachment, more than thirty were shot as they tried to escape through a breach made in the rear wall of

the building. More than 200 dead were found in the city alone, and buried by the Americans, while for days after the battle large numbers of dead and wounded were found in the suburbs.

Our losses in the two days' fighting at Masaya and Granada were more than 100 in killed and wounded, among the dead being the gallant Colonel Laiñe, a Cuban, and aide-de-camp to General Walker. Laiñe was captured and shot by the enemy. Colonel Thomas F. Fisher, afterwards assistant passenger agent of the Missouri Pacific Railroad Company, and stationed for a number of years at Wichita, Kansas, was with Colonel Laiñe when the latter was captured. The two were returning from Masaya to Granada when they came suddenly upon a large body of the enemy.

For this wanton murder of Colonel Laiñe, General Walker immediately caused two Guatemalan officers, Colonel Valderraman and Captain Allende, to be publicly shot in the plaza at Granada. In all my life I recall nothing that impressed upon me more vividly than did this incident the sorrow and bitterness of war. These two officers had been paroled to the city of Granada. They were men of wealth, superior education, and polished manners. Their conduct as gentlemen had gained for them the friendship and affection of the American officers. Many a night had Valderraman and Allende joined with us in feasting and dancing, paying their share of the score to a generous degree.

When it became known that they were to be executed, our hearts ached, and it was hard to restrain tears. Valderraman and Allende did not lose their composure, and in every way showed their knightly nature. They declined to be seated or to be blind-

folded, as was the custom, and took their position side by side against the wall of the San Francisco cathedral—a wall battered and broken by bullets fired in countless execution in past years. Their American friends looked sadly at the dauntless men who had been such delightful companions. Valderraman and Allende, the latter smoking a cigarette, gazed squarely at the raised rifles, and fell without a murmur.

A few days after these battles, Colonel C. F. Henningsen, an officer of world-wide experience in war, arrived from New York. He had won distinction under Kossuth, and came to the United States at about the same time this great Hungarian patriot landed upon these shores. Henningsen was commissioned at once as a brigadier-general, and assigned to the work of forming an artillery corps, a duty for which he was eminently fitted. He was an officer of the most exalted courage and of boundless resources. He at once organized two companies of artillery and a company of sappers and miners.

On the second day of November, General Hornsby and a part of the First Infantry were ordered back to the Meridional Department, to protect the passengers and to escort the treasurer passing along the Transit Route. This service was performed without molestation by the enemy, although the latter was in force at Rivas.

On November 10, General Hornsby was reinforced by Colonel Sanders with 150 rifles, making the entire command about 250 strong. General Hornsby without delay marched toward San Juan del Sur, to offer battle to the enemy, which he found posted across the road, near the half way house, with General Cañas in command. Captain Ewbanks was sent to attack, and

to turn the enemy's right, which he did in a gallant manner. This maneuver disclosed, however, that Cañas was in an impregnable position, which caused General Hornsby to withdraw and return to La Virgen.

General Walker in person arrived at La Virgen on November 11, with 250 men and one howitzer, General Henningsen accompanying him. Walker marched immediately to attack the enemy, and after a brief contest, Cañas fled precipitately toward San Juan del Sur. As the retreating forces came near San Juan del Sur, the Rangers, under the command of General Henningsen, charged them so hotly that they threw away their guns and knapsacks and fled up the coast, leaving much property in the hands of the victors. The only serious loss to the Americans was the death of Captain Jesse Stith, an admirable officer, of Vicksburg, Mississippi, who was shot through the heart just as victory crowned our arms.

General Walker with a greater part of his forces returned on the lake steamer to Granada, on November 13, leaving Colonel Markham with a portion of the infantry at La Virgen to guard the Transit Route. On the morning of November 15, General Walker, with 500 men, one howitzer and two small brass pieces, and two small mortars, marched to attack the allies at Masaya. A few miles out from Granada, he learned that General Jerez with 800 men had left Masaya for the Meridional Department. Walker detached a force of 200 men to return to Granada and take the steamer for the relief of Colonel Markham at La Virgen.

With his 300 men General Walker pressed on to Masaya, attacking and driving the enemy from the

plazuela San Sebastian, as he did on October 12, but after three days and nights of incessant fighting, with a loss of more than 100 men and officers, he raised the siege at midnight, November 17, and retired to Granada.

From the firing of the first gun until the order to retreat was given, there was an incessant roar of musketry, night and day, the Americans not taking time to eat regularly, but merely snatching a mouthful of hard biscuit between the intervals of firing. I can recall the names of only a few of our killed and wounded: Lieutenant Stahl was killed, while Major Schwartz, Captain Ewbanks, Captain C. H. West, and Colonel Natzmer were severely wounded. The loss of the enemy was never definitely ascertained; it was believed to be heavy.

At the time the siege was raised our forces had driven the enemy from house to house, and were within thirty yards of the main plaza, where the enemy had concentrated and commanded every street with a formidable array of artillery. No attempt was made to follow General Walker in his retreat to Granada, which was fair evidence that the enemy had been badly crippled in the engagement, as otherwise the fact that Walker had only 200 men would have been a strong incentive for the enemy to harass him.

General Walker now made known to General Henningsen his purpose not only to abandon Granada, but to destroy it. After imparting instructions to General Henningsen, who was left in command of the doomed city, General Walker embarked, November 20, on the lake steamer with a larger portion of his forces, and proceeded to the Meridional Department, to arrange for the assembling of his whole army and his government stores at Rivas.

All the lake steamers had been brought to Granada to facilitate the movement, and General Fry had removed most of the women and the children, as well as the sick and the wounded, to the island of Ometepe. Much of the ordnance, ordnance stores and other movable government property of value had been placed on board a vessel at the *playa*. While this work was in progress the ancient city of Granada, the scene of a hundred battles and a thousand bloody tragedies, was given to the torch, and as the flames rolled and roared over the doomed capital, the excitement was indescribable.

The appearance of Henningsen, is indelibly impressed upon my memory. He was close to six feet in height, sparely built, and his every movement showed the trained and accomplished man of arms. His complexion was fair, his eyes blue, and his hair brown; he was quiet in manner, and of few words. Charles Frederick Henningsen came to Nicaragua in October, 1856, a soldier of fortune. He was both a soldier and an author, and was born in England in 1815. He had served in the armies of Spain, Russia, and Hungary, and in all of them had won distinction. General Walker gave Henningsen a commission as brigadier general. Later, he served with the same rank in the Confederate army in the Civil War in the United States.

The wharf or *playa* at Granada was about one-half mile from the main plaza, a broad street connecting the two. Midway in this street was the church Guadalupe. Nearer the plaza was the church Esquipulas, and then Parochial church, the latter a grand structure, rearing its massive towers high above the city, and standing on the lake side of the plaza. The

reader will observe that if Henningsen escaped, he must pass down this street to the wharf to reach the steamers anchored in the lake, and that the need of his having possession of the churches Guadalupe and Esquipulas was imperative.

General Walker had expected that the removal of the government property and the destruction of the city would be accomplished before the arrival of the enemy, and had left Henningsen with only 419 men, and with two steamers to carry them away. The work of destruction and removal was necessarily slow, and Henningsen was still at Granada when General Bellosa appeared on the afternoon of November 24 and gave battle, attacking Henningsen at four points. Bellosa's army was repulsed everywhere, save at the Guadalupe, which Bellosa occupied, and thereby commanded the Esquipulas and the street leading to the lake.

Major Swingle, an artillery officer of gallantry and merit, drove a heavy force from the Jalteva, and Major Cal. O'Neal, whose younger brother, Lieutenant O'Neal, had just fallen, became frenzied with grief, and charged the enemy in a spectacular manner. Bareheaded and barefooted, he mounted his horse and led thirty-two men against the San Francisco church, routing the enemy and killing a greater number of them than composed the assaulting party.

At daybreak, on November 27, General Henningsen mustered his little force and found that he had just 227 men able to bear arms, and in addition there were seventy-three wounded men and a large number of women and children who had failed to take passage on the steamer to Ometepe.

The capture of Guadalupe had cut off twenty men under Captain Grier at the old demolished fort on the lake front where they had been engaged in transferring freight to the steamers. This fort was said to have been once captured by Morgan, the buccaneer.

Among Grier's men was a Venezuelan named Tejada, who deserted to the enemy. Acting upon information given by Tejada, a superior force of the enemy swept down upon Grier and his men and put all of them to the sword. This same Tejada had been released from prison and his chains by General Walker when he captured Granada, October 13, 1855, and for this he showed his base ingratitude by the betrayal of these gallant men.

On November 27 Henningsen moved his wounded from the Parochial church, and began fighting his way to the lake front. By this time all the buildings in the plaza, except the Parochial church, and the guard house, had been fired and were smouldering ruins. Henningsen now placed several hundred pounds of powder under one of the towers of the church, and laid a train. Withdrawing his command to a safe distance, a match was applied; there was a flash, an appalling roar, and then an explosion that shook the earth and sent the massive tower high in air—the shattered edifice loomed as gaunt and desolate as the ruins of Carthage. At the sound of the explosion the enemy swarmed into the plaza, but the scene was so terrifying that they retreated in consternation.

Henningsen was now in the desperate situation of having no barricade behind which he could defend himself against the overwhelming force of the enemy, and the necessity of life itself compelled him to risk every hazard to reach the lake wharf. The success of this

last exploit required that he should dislodge the enemy from Guadalupe and Esquipulas, or else run a gauntlet of rifle fire that inevitably must destroy the Americans.

While preparation was being made to storm these churches on the morning of November 28, the enemy, under flag of truce, demanded the unconditional surrender of the Americans, to which Henningsen returned a defiant refusal.

The Esquipulas was taken without loss, but at the Guadalupe the enemy offered a bloody resistance, and killed sixteen of the besiegers before the latter finally fought their way into the building and drove the enemy into the streets. The foe charged many times in quick succession to retake the church, only to be repulsed, and finally disheartened at the sight of their dead heaped round the entrances and scattered everywhere in the street. For a time they ceased their assaults.

To the horrors of war that had been consuming the blood and strength of the Americans, was now added the specter of pestilence, cholera appearing in malignant form. The number of dead and dying became so great that the surgical staff was physically unable to minister to the sufferers. Among those claimed by this shocking form of death was Mrs. Bingham, the wife of Edward Bingham, the actor, who had brought his company from the United States to Central America. This charming woman had devoted herself in nursing the wounded, and to acts of tenderness for the dead. Many a bronzed and hardened soldier burst into tears when he learned that Mrs. Bingham was no more.

General Zavala, now in command of the allied armies, became infuriated at Henningsen's contemptuous refusal to surrender, and at the resolute front pre-

sented by the Americans at every point of attack. Near dusk on the evening of November 28, Zavala massed a powerful force and undertook the recapture of Guadalupe church. Henningsen detected the movement at its beginning, and waited until the enemy had advanced to within a few hundred yards of the batteries of Swingle and Schwartz, when a storm of canister and grape swept over the forces of Zavala. The enemy fell like grain before a sickle, more than a hundred being killed, and they fled in dismay. The enemy retired to a safe distance, and the Americans were left in temporary possession of the church and nearby buildings.

On December 1, the eighth day of the siege, the Americans were reduced to mule meat for subsistence, and even this tough and unpalatable food was hourly growing more scarce. Placing Lieutenant Sumter Williamson with thirty men to guard the rear, General Henningsen began working his way gradually to the lake, moving from one building to another, advancing forward a short distance one day, only to be forced back the next. More than twenty desperate assaults were made in almost continuous succession to retake the Guadalupe, but Williamson and his thirty men were invincible.

Another letter was sent on December 8 by General Zavala to General Henningsen, in which the latter was implored to surrender, and stop the useless sacrifice of life. Henningsen's laconic reply was that he would "parley only at the cannon's mouth."

It may be asked why no effort was made during all this bloody fighting to land reinforcements to succor the command at Granada. The reason was simple—men could not be spared from other points. The Americans, unhappily, were in dire straits.

Nearly 200 men from New Orleans arrived at La Virgen on December 7, and were sent at once to aid in holding San Jorge, a town on the lake three miles from Rivas, the latter being occupied by 800 of the enemy under General Cañas.

One glory of my countrymen is that even when hope seems gone they do not yield and abandon the fight. The fortitude of those at Granada was still unbroken when a vessel bearing General Walker himself, and commanded by Colonel Waters, with 160 men, anchored off Granada on the night of December 12, out of range of the enemy's guns. At about 9 o'clock, quietly and with all lights covered, the steamer moved up the lake three miles and landed its forces, General Walker remaining aboard. The line of march was along the beach.

The enemy was soon met in force, and from that moment the roar of battle was continuous, the night glaring with tongues of flame that ran from the rifles and muskets. Step by step the Americans advanced, and as they pressed forward, the enemy gave way before the deadly fire. High beat the hearts of Henningsen and his men in Granada when they heard the volleying of guns and the shouts of their advancing comrades. Granada had become a nightmare of death—day after day men dropped in their tracks in the writhings of cholera, or felt the sting of bullets that turned loose the torrents of their life's blood. The forces were finally joined, after which the enemy fell back and made no serious effort to impede the passage of Henningsen and his men to the wharf, and to safety.

Many a gallant man freely and heroically gave up his life to rescue his countrymen in the beleagured city of

Granada, but there was none braver than Samuel Leslie, a Cherokee Indian, who with Captain Crawford, led the storming party in three successful assaults upon the barricades of the enemy, only to fall with a bullet in his brain just as he reached Guadalupe.

Leslie was known familiarly among his comrades as "Cherokee Sam." He had entered Walker's army as a private, and because of his sterling qualities as a man and soldier had been advanced to a captaincy. It was during the advance of Colonel Waters upon Granada that Leslie gave evidence of his bravery in accomplishing a dangerous mission.

After taking the last barricade of the enemy opposed to his advance, Colonel Waters was uncertain whether or not there were others. If there were, the fighting would delay his reaching Henningsen. It was essential, therefore, that General Henningsen should be notified of the near approach of Waters and his men. It seemed improbable that any man undertaking this mission could escape with his life. Colonel Waters called Leslie to his side, and after a whispered conversation Leslie disappeared in the darkness. The god of battles was with him, and he reached Henningsen and returned in safety.

It was fortunate for the rescuers, for Waters was preparing to attempt to reach Henningsen by a different route, and the enemy, suspecting this, had massed a large force in ambush which must have inevitably led to the destruction of the entire command. Following the guide, Captain Leslie, the little band of rescuers reached the besieged without further opposition, and were congratulating one another at the Guadalupe when Captain Leslie was seen to stagger

and throw his hands wildly in the air and fall headlong to the ground—dead—shot through the head in the hour of victory.

Of the 160 men under Colonel Waters, fourteen were killed, and thirty wounded. Alas, of the 419 men that stood with Henningsen at the beginning of the siege, November 24, 120 died of cholera, and 110 were killed or wounded, while only two were taken prisoners. Let it be forgotten that forty dastards cowardly deserted.

It was nearly 2 o'clock on the morning on December 14 when the last of Henningsen's unconquerable heroes were safely on board the steamer *La Virgen*. The attack of the rescuing party had been so sudden and terrific that the enemy gave way on every side, abandoning the breastworks in the old fort at the wharf, which gave Henningsen free and unmolested passage to the lake.

At the moment of departure from the prostrate and ruined city, General Henningsen thrust a lance into the ensanguined ground, and on it were these words: *"Aqui fue Granada"*—"Here was Granada."

And thus ended one of the most memorable events in the annals of Central American warfare—memorable for the disparity in numbers of the opposing forces, the native troops being as ten to one, and often twenty to one; memorable for the heroic deeds performed, and the undaunted courage and fighting qualities of the men; and memorable above all for the length of the siege—from November 24 to December 14—during which Henningsen's small band defied and defeated the every effort of an overwhelming enemy to destroy them. At no hour of day or night during these twenty long days was there rest from incessant

attack, nor escape from the smell of gunpowder. While the moralist may condemn the cause and the motives, he may not disparage the bravery and the fortitude of the besieged garrison.

In earlier pages reference was made to our little navy—the *Granada,* formerly the *San Jose,* which General Walker confiscated from the Costa Rican government. The *Granada* was a small schooner of seventy-five tons burden, commanded by Lieutenant C. I. Fayssoux, a native of the State of Missouri. She carried two six-pound carronades and twenty-eight men. On the morning of November 23, the *Granada* stood off the harbor of San Juan del Sur.

In the afternoon of that day the Costa Rican brig, *Once de Abril*—"Eleventh of April"—named in honor of the second battle of Rivas, appeared and offered battle under the command of Captain Antonie Villarostra, with a crew of 114 men. The *Once de Abril* carried four nine-pounders.

Fayssoux immediately cleared his decks, and at 6 p. m. the fight began at close quarters. After the engagement had been under way nearly two hours, a shot from the *Granada* entered the magazine of the *Once de Abril,* the explosion destroying the vessel. The crew were blown into the sea, and such as survived were picked up and brought into port. This was a glorious victory for the little schooner, and in appreciation of his services, the Nicaraguan government promoted Lieutenant Fayssoux to the rank of captain, and bestowed upon him the beautiful *hacienda* Rosario, at Rivas. Fayssoux lost one man killed and eight wounded.

CHAPTER X.

SURRENDER OF WALKER AT RIVAS.

Serapaqui—Castillo—San Carlos—Lake and River Boats—Walker Surrounded—Siege of Rivas—Hand to Hand Fighting—Recruits at Punta and Rivas—Surrender—Terms of Capitulation—Noble Conduct of Captain Fayssoux.

The steamer carrying General Henningsen and his rescued troops from Granada arrived at San Jorge on November 15, whereupon General Walker advanced to attack Rivas. The enemy fled, however, at the first news of his approach, and Rivas was occupied without resistance.

The situation was growing daily more threatening on the Serapaqui, and on the rivers San Carlos and San Juan, from Fort San Carlos to San Juan del Norte and the sea. Captain Thompson, at the mouth of the Serapaqui, had been surprised and captured by a force of Costa Ricans under the command of a man named Spencer; Captain Kruger, commandant at Fort San Carlos, had surrendered to the enemy; Fort Castillo had fallen, and all the lake and river steamers, except the *San Carlos,* the largest vessel on the lake, had been captured. These misfortunes were unknown to General Walker, because of the difficulty in carrying information across the lake, and when the passengers from San Francisco arrived, they were put aboard the *San Carlos* for the lake trip, in ignorance of the dangers to which the vessel and its passengers might be exposed. The moment the *San Carlos* touched at San Carlos, she was seized by the enemy, who now had

complete and undisputed control of Lake Nicaragua and the river route.

At the time of this crisis Colonel Lockridge arrived at San Juan del Norte with 200 or 300 men, only to find it impossible to make further progress. While here, in camp at Punta Arenas, Lockridge and his men were subjected to many galling insults by British naval officers, and finally were compelled to move to another locality. General Robert Wheat, who had won fame and laurels in the Mexican war, would not suffer his pride to be humiliated, and challenged Captain Cockburn of Her Majesty's ship *Cossack,* but Cockburn declined to meet him.

Notwithstanding the fact that all the steamers and other lake vessels were in the hands of the enemy, it was still thought possible, with the capture of Fort San Carlos, for these recruits to find some way to cross the lake and reach Walker before he was beaten to the ground at Rivas. This might have been done had it not been for the fatal error of Colonel Titus, a man of swashbuckler type, from Kansas, where he had attained some notoriety in border warfare, and from whence he had brought a number of men to Punta Arenas. It was obvious that Fort San Carlos must be captured, and the San Juan river cleared of the enemy before any movement could be made to cross the lake for the relief of Walker. Both Colonel Anderson and Colonel Lockridge believed that with the river and this fort in their possession they would be in position to capture one of the lake steamers, and by this means reach Walker.

Colonel Titus insisted that he should be given command of the advance movement, and it was reluctantly yielded to him. When his command reached Fort

Castillo, he pompously demanded a surrender, and when the enemy asked for twenty-four hours in which to make reply, the request was as pompously granted. In the interval, the enemy rushed several hundred men to reinforce the fort, and Titus eventually was beaten off with considerable loss. Had he attacked immediately upon his arrival, the fort would have been taken with little resistance.

The two small river boats were now useless to the Americans, and to attack the reinforced garrison at Fort Castillo would have been futile. All hope of reaching Walker was abandoned, and the Americans returned to Greytown, and left the river in possession of the enemy. On the way down the river to Graytown, the steamer *Scott* was blown up by accident, and a number of the Americans killed. At Greytown news of Walker's surrender was learned, and the men returned to the United States. Had these recruits under Anderson and Lockridge, with their long-range rifles, reached Walker, the surrender at Rivas might never have taken place, and defeat, instead of victory, fallen upon the arms of the allies. Colonel Lockridge and a few others reached the besieged Americans at Rivas, by way of Panama, before the surrender, but were unable to forward recruits, because of the vigilance of the American and English navies.

The failure of these expeditions forever blasted all hope that Walker may have had of getting further aid from the United States by the San Juan river route, or of recovering the lake and river steamers, all of which now were in the hands of the enemy. The best that could be looked for was the limited supplies and the small number of men that might be brought from San Francisco. The sky was darkening.

Hemmed in at Rivas, General Walker had only one way of egress to the outside world, the route to the Pacific ocean by way of San Juan del Sur, where his lone ship of war, the *Granada,* still defiantly floated the flag of the Republic of Nicaragua.

In this desperate extremity, General Walker began counting his strength, and concentrated his entire force at Rivas on the morning of January 3, 1857. The morning report of that day, as published by Adjutant General Phil. R. Thompson, showed a total of 919 men, of which twenty-five were in the ordnance department; fifteen in the quartermaster's department; twenty in the commissary department, and twelve in the regimental band. After deducting the sick in the hospital, and the sixty upon extra duty, the actual available fighting force was only 518.

During their service, General Henningsen had been made a brigadier general, Edward J. Sanders a brigadier general, and Adjutant General Thompson a colonel. These honors carried with them no assurance of reward from a strong and militant people, but they represented as truly the glory of arms as if the great Napoleon himself had smiled upon these men under the sun of Austerlitz.

The work of preparing the defenses of Rivas to resist the onslaught of the allies, which was known to be rapidly maturing, was pushed forward with all possible haste. It was not, however, until January 27 that the allies under General Cañas, who had been made commander-in-chief, appeared at Obraje, near the Gil Gonzales, three leagues north of Rivas.

Colonel O'Neal was ordered to reconnoiter the enemy, and found General Cañas strongly intrenched with between 900 and 1,000 men. O'Neal lost sev-

eral men in a skirmish, among them being Captain Finney. He remained near Obraje throughout the night, and next morning returned to Rivas. That night General Henningsen approached the lines of the enemy with a mountain howitzer, but found the position too strong to be taken by assault.

General Cañas was fully acquainted with the desperate situation of the Americans; he knew and feared their fighting qualities to such a degree, however, that he moved with caution. In heavy force the enemy occupied San Jorge on the night of January 28, erected barricades and threw up intrenchments. General Walker tried unsuccessfully to draw the allies into the open, and then prepared to assault the works.

Early next morning General Henningsen made a desperate sortie to storm the place, with the First and the Second Rifles, and a part of the infantry under Colonel Jacquess, a twelve-pound howitzer and a six-pounder being dragged forward. San Jorge was entered and the enemy engaged at close range. The defense was too strong to be overcome with such great odds in its favor, and Henningsen was repulsed with severe loss in both men and officers.

The enemy, fired with their seeming victory, pursued in force, greatly to the satisfaction of the Americans who turned and slaughtered them in a way that soon filled the allies with consternation—the latter left more than 100 dead and wounded in the plantain fields around the town.

The barricades of San Jorge were a constant challenge from which the Americans could not turn aside, and late in the afternoon of the same day they returned to the fight, only to meet with heavy loss. This time the infantry under Colonel Jacquess passed

inside the fortifications where bullets seemed to hiss and smite from every crevice; the very sky seemed splashed with blood. In this tempest of fire, and smoke and bullets, the Americans lost eighty men in killed and wounded, those who fell near the intrenchments being left to the mercy of the enemy. Colonel Jacquess was shot through the loins, Captain Dusenbury was mortally hurt, and Captain Russell and Captain Wilkinson were killed.

This havoc was thinning the ranks of Walker's little army. In the afternoon of January 30 General Walker marched with 250 men to San Juan del Sur, to meet the steamer *Orizaba,* then due from San Francisco. Only forty men disembarked for service in the Nicaraguan army. Though few in numbers, this small force of less than 300 men were looked upon by the allies as such veritable bulldogs of battle that no engagement was offered, and Walker marched back to Rivas on February 3 without molestation.

Late that afternoon the bugles sounded in the streets of Rivas and the natives saw 200 men, with General Walker at their head, marching toward San Jorge. Not even the "Grey-eyed Man of Destiny" himself, could turn aside the hail of bullets nor stay the torrents of life blood in this assault. The loss of the Americans was frightful, among the mortally wounded being Colonel O'Neal, Lieutenant Blackman and Lieutenant Gray. Many a groan was heard in the darkness of the battlefield that night.

Through February, March, April and until the first of May the Americans engaged constantly in assaults and as constantly suffered repulses in superhuman attempts to overcome the allies at San Jorge. The enemy grew bold at the failure to crush them, and

sallying out in force endeavored to surround Rivas on all sides and carry the city by storm. This cost them a number of their best and highest officers and nearly 400 men. The safer, if slower, method of starving the Americans was now adopted.

In the meanwhile disaster was approaching the Nicaraguan navy, in the Pacific at San Juan del Sur. On February 6, the United States sloop-of-war, *St. Marys,* Commander Charles H. Davis, cast anchor in that port. Four days later Her Britannic Majesty's vessel, *Esk,* Commander Sir Robert McClure, came into the harbor, and on February 11 sent an order demanding that Captain Fayssoux come aboard and make known by what authority he was flying his flag, the flag of Nicaragua.

The valiant Fayssoux declined to go aboard the *Esk,* and replied that he was flying his flag by authority of his government. The British commander was incensed at this defiance, and threatened to blow up the *Granada,* unless Captain Fayssoux accede to his demands. This roused the fighting blood of the *Granada's* commander who refused to leave his vessel.

Commander McClure saw that threats were unavailing, and not wishing to bring on an engagement, finally sent to Captain Fayssoux a lieutenant with a friendly message, inviting him to come aboard the *Esk.* Fayssoux yielded gallantly to this overture, and after his return to the *Granada,* he received the British commander as his guest. Shortly afterwards Captain Davis of the *St. Marys* came aboard. In a few days the *Esk* left the port, the *St. Marys* remaining.

During the latter part of February Colonel Waters' Rangers foraged the country surrounding Ri-

vas for subsistence, the Americans now being short of rations. The Rangers were skirmishing daily with the enemy, and several times were in pitched battle, once fighting desperately for an hour within a mile of Rivas.

Major Caycee with 160 men was attacked suddenly by the enemy in large force near the half way house on the Transit Route on February 5. His predicament was such that escape seemed impossible yet he rallied his men so quickly and attacked the enemy so vigorously that he extricated his command with the loss of only four killed and two wounded, and fell back to San Juan del Sur, where the enemy declined to follow him.

At about 10 o'clock in the night following the defeat of General Sanders' detachment, the enemy in superior force marched under cover of darkness through the plantain patches to the very walls of Rivas, and were close to the plaza before they were discovered. A deserter who had joined the enemy called out to the Americans not to fire, as the approaching troops were Rangers, but the vigilant eye of Colonel Swingle detected the falsehood, and he turned loose broadsides of cannister, followed by volleys of musketry. The enemy fled, leaving more than a hundred slain under the walls of Rivas. For more than two hours after this repulse, the bugles of the enemy continued sounding the charge, but the men refused to obey the call.

Forcing his way into Rivas in the afternoon of February 7, Major Caycee brought with him 70 new men lately arrived from California under Captain Stewart. These together with others were organized into a corps called the "Red Star Guard," and placed

under command of Major Stephen S. Tucker, formerly of the United States army, an officer that knew what discipline meant, and how to enforce it.

There was a comparative lull in active hostilities until the morning of February 16, when General Henningsen at 2 o'clock led 400 men, supported by one twelve pound howitzer, one six-pounder, and four small mortars, against San Jorge, which was attacked with vigor. Though it was known that the allies had been re-inforced with 500 men from Tortugas, making a total strength of 2,500, at one time nearly one-half the city and much of the barricades were in possession of the Americans. Then it was discovered that the enemy was massing heavily in our rear on the road to Rivas.

This peril caused General Walker to order all troops withdrawn from San Jorge and thrown against the new danger, the passage to Rivas to be forced, whatever the sacrifices. General Walker, now in command, found the enemy posted on an elevation in the road a mile from San Jorge, awaiting him with confidence. Waters' Rangers already had engaged, but the cavalrymen were to weak in numbers to make headway against an enemy so firmly planted.

Calling for the nearest company, which happened to be Captain Clark's, General Walker made a detour to the right, and, coming suddenly upon the enemy's left, drove them back to their elevated position, and thence across the road, whereupon Henningsen's forces advanced with a rush up the road. The enemy scattered like sheep, leaving their dead and wounded in our hands.

The Americans returned to Rivas without interference, save at Cuatro Esquinas, half a mile from the

city, where another heavy body of troops was drawn up to attack us. This force had assaulted Rivas at the time General Walker and Henningsen were attacking San Jorge, and had hoped to find the troops at Rivas so thinned by the draft for San Jorge that the city could be easily taken. Failing in this, the enemy expected to retreat and annihilate Walker by uniting with those to whom Walker had given battle in turning back from San Jorge. Colonel Swingle saved Rivas in a lively fight of one hour, and the demoralization of those who fled when suddenly attacked by both Walker and Henningsen upset further plans. The Americans fired scarcely one round before the enemy was in flight from Cuatro Esquinas.

In the fighting of March 16, the Americans lost 13 killed, one of the dead being the gallant Colonel Lewis, and 63 wounded. According to captured prisoners, the enemy lost 500 in killed and wounded.

The enemy, however, was not lacking in resolution, despite reverses, and appeared next day in stronger force, bringing with them a 24-pound cannon of ancient pattern, that had been left at Granada by the Spaniards when the latter evacuated Nicaragua half a century earlier. This cannon was placed in position before Cuatro Esquinas, and turned upon Rivas, though the damage it caused was slight. This demonstration was preliminary to a general assault upon Rivas.

If the reader has felt some weariness in following this recital of conflicts that took place day after day, and even almost hourly, yet the writer may be pardoned for chronicling these details, as they are essential to an understanding of the terrific strain, physically and mentally, to which the Americans were sub-

jected. The distinction between the Democrats and the Legitimists found by General Walker when he first entered Nicaragua had been fading gradually, until it might be said that now the Americans stood alone, many of their former adherents having withdrawn from active support, while the Legitimist cause, augmented by Nicaraguans who believed the Americans were doomed, and by the accession of allies from Costa Rica who feared that the integrity of Central America was menaced by the ambitions of General Walker, was in the ascendency. It may not be said that General Walker ranked high as a diplomat or as a military strategist. Leon was the stronghold of the Democrats who hated the Legitimists with all the passion of Latin blood. Yet General Walker chose Granada, the Legitimist stronghold, for his capital, which Leon resented, and to such a degree that the ardor of its citizens in their admiration of Walker perceptibly cooled.

At daylight on March 23, two divisions equipped with small batteries, furiously and simultaneously attacked the city on the north and the south. General Cañas led the troops that approached from the north, and General Chamorra, those that attacked on the south, and both were repulsed with much loss, Cañas leaving his killed and wounded on the field, after abandoning his battery, whose commander, an Italian, was severely wounded. Major Tucker who opposed Chamorra was pressed so hard that at one time his quarters were in possession of the enemy. Tucker rallied his men and made prisoners of Chamorra's whole command. The fighting at both places was at short range, and while the Americans suffered grievously, their superior marksmanship enable them to deal havoc to the ranks of the enemy.

The slaughter of the allies in this battle of March 23 was so great that further efforts to take the Americans by assault was abandoned. It was soon apparent that Rivas was to be invested and its occupants, if possible, starved into surrender. It had now become impossible for foraging parties to venture from Rivas and bring supplies from a considerable distance, as there was ambuscade at every turn of the road. Small parties were detailed to range the immediate country lying within two or three miles of Rivas. Upon one of these excursions Captain E. H. Clark and his entire company were killed. By March 27 the commissary department's supply of food was nearly exhausted, and it became necessary first to kill the quartermaster's oxen, then the mules, and finally the horses of the Rangers, the latter presenting the unusual spectacle of an army's eating its cavalry equipment. This supply of meat afforded subsistence until about the first of April.

Mule meat was not greatly to the liking of the men, though they made no complaint. The mules were extremely poor in flesh, and the roasts and steaks were "stringy," tough and of poor flavor. One of the tragedies of the service arose over the use of strange meat. At Rivas Lieutenant Robert Payne, a hot-headed Virginian, had captured a domestic cat for his larder. He quarreled over the matter with a captain, whose name I cannot recall, and shot the captain dead.

The allies found another 24-pound cannon, and mounted it against Rivas about April 10, but this relic of antiquity failed to knock down the walls. A ball from one of these guns, however, struck and killed Captain Mann and Lieutenant Moore, two of

Walker's best officers, and another tore off an arm of Lieutenant Graves. These cannon were fired at regular intervals, night and day.

The enemy resorted to the insidious tactics of sending into Rivas offers of protection and asylum to all who would desert and enter their lines. To the honor of the Americans, standing practically alone in this foreign land, let it be said that only a few were so despicable as to yield to this invitation. Their names shall be passed in silence.

The long days and nights were filled with endless alarms of war for those who stood at bay in Rivas. Death had thinned the ranks of the Americans relentlessly, and scarcity of food and sickness were wearing away the strength of the Phalanx. Outside, a thousand eyes peered at nightfall for an unguarded place through which the allies might rush for a last overpowering struggle with the hated foreigners who knew only too well that death and torture would be their fate. In this unhappy situation of the Americans, there were native Nicaraguans of wealth and social distinction who remained staunch. These men had witnessed years of endless revolution, in which the blood and resources of their country had been consumed as fruitlessly as a planter would cultivate the sides of an active volcano, and they believed that only the presence and power of the foreign element would give stability to society and the affairs of Nicaragua.

The roar of rifle fire on April 11 at four places leading to Rivas, and the appearance of hundreds of the enemy inflamed with *aguardiente,* that their courage might not fail, and their deeds be more desperate and daring, brought the little army of Americans to the barricades. These attacks were met by Captain

Williamson, Captain McEachin and Captain McMichael, while a small battery under the personal command of General Henningsen poured solid shot into the enemy. The loss of life among the latter was astonishingly heavy, and two entire companies were taken prisoners. This repulse of the allies was followed later in the day by their returning twice to the conflict. Their punishment was so severe that they made no effort to carry off the dead and the mortally wounded. The Americans were told that in this day's fighting the allies lost between 700 and 800 men; the Americans buried more than 100 in a large pit in Rivas, returned 150 wounded under flag of truce, captured nearly 100 prisoners, and took 250 stand of arms. The Phalanx itself did not escape the wrath of battle. Such victories, however, were exhausting the Americans, and there were no recruits or volunteers to take the place of the fallen.

In the afternoon of April 23 a flag of truce was seen approaching from the enemy. The bearer announced that Lieutenant Huston of the United States sloop-of-war *St. Marys*, was at the headquarters of the allies, prepared to conduct the women and children in Rivas, under the protection of the United States flag, to San Juan del Sur, where their safety would be assured when the streets of Rivas finally should run red with the blood of the expiring Americans, and the city be given to the flames. There was something somber in the suggestion, but the hearts of the Americans were undaunted.

Under this flag of truce also came a letter from General Mora to General Walker, proposing that two aides from the staff of each should meet at a convenient point and escort Lieutenant Huston to Rivas. Ma-

jor Hooff and Major Brady were given this duty, and soon arrived at the designated place. A deserter from Rivas attempted to converse with them, whereupon Major Hooff drew his pistols, and warned the scoundrel that he would be shot unless he instantly departed. Major Hooff was so indignant at the insult permitted by General Mora's aides that he returned to Rivas without waiting for Lieutenant Huston, who appeared soon thereafter, accompanied by a guard of his own marines.

Lieutenant Huston remained that night in Rivas, and next day departed for San Juan del Sur with the women and children. It was near this time that Captain Bell, Captain Titus, Captain Johnson and Captain Bostwick left Rivas and the Americans under circumstances not flattering to their military honor. It should be said, however, that Titus held no commission in the army.

While the situation at Rivas was growing more critical every hour, Captain Fayssoux was being approached with bribes to surrender the *Granada* at San Juan del Sur. To his shame, it may be said that circumstances pointed strongly to the fact that Captain Davis of the *St. Marys* was not in ignorance of this corrupt overture. At the special request of Captain Davis, Captain Fayssoux went aboard the *St. Marys* to meet Colonel Garcia, a representative of the Costa Rican general. Garcia made the proposal to Fayssoux, and the latter indignantly spurned it, turning his back upon the corruptionist. Finding that Fayssoux was impregnable to such sinister offers, another man was paid $5,000 to betray *Granada* into the hands of the enemy, but the scheme failed.

The solicitude of Captain Davis for the success of the allies was shown in other ways. Colonel Estrada, commandant at San Juan del Sur, and Captain Fayssoux entered into a truce whereby each was to refrain from active hostilities for a certain period. Notwithstanding the fact that the agreement was honorably kept by Captain Fayssoux, the enemy continued its erection of barricades in the town in violation of the truce. Though Captain Davis had suggested this truce, yet afterwards he held Captain Fayssoux strictly to its terms, while he permitted Colonel Estrada to continue the building of fortifications. It was generally apparent that the English and the American naval officers were acting in concert, with the secret understanding that the Americans in the service of Nicaragua were to be expelled from the country at all hazards. If there was doubt that such was their purpose, the sequel of the final surrender at Rivas, and the disposal of the *Granada* settled the question beyond doubt or controversy.

Little more remains to be told of the exciting scenes and the dramatic conclusion of the siege of Rivas, which began January 27, 1857, and ended May 1 of that year, with the capitulation of General Walker and his army to Captain Davis of the United States sloop-of-war *St. Marys*. Throughout the three months and four days of this desperate siege an army of 4,000 men, occasionally reaching 7,000, was opposed to the army of Americans that at no time contained a greater number than 919 men, and which finally was reduced to less than 200 men able to bear arms. The annals of modern warfare do not show a more remarkable defense than was opposed by the Americans to their adversaries.

On April 30, Captain Davis, then at the headquarters of the allies at Cuatro Esquinas, communicated by letter with General Walker, whereupon General Henningsen and Major Brady met Captain Davis, and the terms of the surrender were agreed upon. At 5 o'clock p. m., May 1, Captain Davis and General Zavala entered Rivas and proceeded to the headquarters of General Walker. The troops were drawn up in line in the plaza, the stipulations of the surrender read to them, and the garrison delivered to Captain Davis. The garrison consisted of 102 prisoners of war, 173 sick and wounded in the hospital, 164 officers, non-commissioned officers and privates, 86 department employees, and 40 native soldiers.

In the terms of surrender first prepared by Captain Davis and submitted to General Walker, nothing was said about the native troops that had adhered to the cause of the Americans. General Walker rejected the terms, and prepared these:

Rivas, May, 1, 1857.

An agreement is hereby entered into between General William Walker, on the one part, and Commander H. Davis, of the United States Navy, on the other part, of which the stipulations are as follows:

Firstly. General William Walker, with sixteen officers of his staff, shall march out of Rivas with their sidearms, pistols, horses, and personal baggage, under the guarantee of the said Captain Davis, of the United States Navy, that they shall not be molested by the enemy, and shall be allowed to embark on board the United States vessel-of-war the *St. Marys,* in the harbor of San Juan del Sur, the said Captain Davis undertaking to transport them safely on the *St. Marys* to Panama.

Secondly. The officers of General Walker's army shall march out of Rivas with their sidearms, under the guarantee and protection of Captain Davis, who undertakes to see them safely transported to Panama, in charge of a United States officer.

Thirdly. The privates and non-commissioned officers, citizens, and employees of departments, wounded or unwounded, shall be surrendered with their arms to Captain Davis, or one of his officers, and placed under his protection and control, he pledging himself to have them safely transported to Panama, in charge of a United States officer, in separate vessels from the deserters from the ranks, and without being brought into contact with them.

Fourthly. Captain Davis undertakes to obtain guarantees, and hereby does guarantee, that all natives of Nicaragua, or of Central America, now at Rivas, surrendered to the protection of Captain Davis, shall be allowed to reside in Nicaragua, and be protected in life and property.

Fifthly. It is agreed that such officers as have wives and families in San Juan del Sur shall be allowed to remain there under the protection of the United States consul, till an opportunity offers for embarking for San Francisco or Panama.

General Walker and Captain Davis mutually pledge themselves to each other that this agreement shall be executed in good faith.

This agreement was signed by General Walker and Captain Davis, and attested by their officers, and late in the afternoon of May 1, 1857, the remnant of the little army was paraded in the plaza and formally surrendered to Captain Davis, in accordance with the stipulations and in the presence of the generals and other officers of the allied army.

It is a fact worthy of attention that General Walker refused to entertain any proposal of surrender until he had been told by Captain Davis that the *Granada* would not be allowed to leave the harbor of San Juan del Sur. It had been Walker's settled purpose, in his last extremity, to seek escape by cutting his way through the cordons of the enemy to the Pacific and embarking upon the *Granada.*

Finding his last avenue of escape cut off, however, Walker showed his indomitable courage and his sense of justice by refusing all terms unless protection were given the natives, and his loyal and honorable men saved from contact with deserters and cowards. Captain Davis was unable to refuse this ultimatum.

It may be observed that in the cartel of surrender the allies did not appear by name, except as the "enemy." It would be unnecessary to speak of this fact were it not for the singular conduct of Captain Davis a day or two later. Upon his return to San Juan del Sur, Captain Davis ordered Captain Fayssoux to take down his flag and surrender the *Granada.* Captain Fayssoux refused to obey this demand, whereupon the *St. Marys* was ranged broadside and her guns trained upon the *Granada,* whose commander was compelled to yield, or else unavailingly submit to the blowing up of the *Granada* and her gallant crew. The surrender took place May 4, and the vessel was turned over by Captain Davis to the Costa Rican commander. This act of Captain Davis, joined to his previous conduct, convinced me then, and time has not changed my opinion, that it was merely the culmination of an agreement made by the English naval officers, the allies and Captain Davis, that General Walker and the Americans should be expelled from Nicaragua.

I have traced as concisely as possible the entrance of General Walker and his men into Nicaragua, and the defeat of what historically was his first expedition to that troubled and unhappy land. I am aware of many imperfections in my recital; the passing of half a century, the meager data obtainable, and the fading of the memory of youth present obstacles that may not easily be overcome. The names of scores of brave men do not appear in these reminiscences, nor do I undertake to tell of their valiant deeds, for the simple and regrettable reason that I dare not risk trusting my memory to award to each what justly belonged to him.

I do not wish to be understood as expressing the belief that General Walker in all things was a man of infallible wisdom. Like all of us, he was only human, and subject to errors of judgment as are other men, and these errors were shown frequently, both while he was commander-in-chief of the army and as president of the Republic of Nicaragua. His unconquerable, yet calm courage; his contempt of danger; his exalted moral and intellectual character, and his supreme detestation of everything low or mean, are traits that won for him the respect and admiration of honest and sincere hearts that at the same time may have withheld approval of his purposes.

CHAPTER XI.

EXECUTION OF WALKER IN HONDURAS.

Walker Returns to United States—Organizes Other Expeditions—Is Captured—His Execution Blot on British Navy—Joaquin Miller's Tribute to His Memory—The End.

Following the surrender at Rivas, General Walker and a number of his officers were conveyed to Panama, and there took steamer for New York, where he demanded trial on the charges preferred against him for violation of the neutrality laws, and was acquitted. Other members of the once puissant American Phalanx were carried by different conveyances to the Atlantic states, while others went to San Francisco. A number remained in Nicaragua, where they had married, and I am told that their descendants may yet be found in that country.

General Walker felt that he and his army had been unjustly dealt with by Captain Davis in his demanding their surrender and expulsion from a country to which they had been invited by the constituted authorities in control of the Nicaraguan government, to which they had sworn allegiance, and where they became domiciled as citizens.

No sooner had General Walker reached the United States than he began fitting out an expedition to reenter Nicaragua and resume the rights and powers of which he so resolutely maintained he had been wrongfully deprived. In pursuance of this course he landed a strong force at Punta Arenas on the east side of the Gulf of Nicoya, on the Costa Rican coast, with

the design of penetrating Nicaragua by that route. Here Captain Paulding of the United States navy interposed an armed force, and General Walker and his companions were taken prisoners and carried to New Orleans, where they were tried and acquitted of violation of the neutrality laws.

Undaunted by the failure of this second expedition, General Walker promptly organized another, which was joined by Captain Frank Anderson, one of the original fifty-eight in the first expedition, together with other leading spirits of that initial enterprise. At Mobile, General Walker chartered the little schooner *Susan,* commanded by Captain Harry Maury, a thorough sailor, and one dark night the *Susan* sailed out of Mobile Bay, and cast anchor under the lee of a United States revenue cutter that was waiting to prevent the *Susan's* departure. During the night the commander of the *Susan* lifted anchor and ran a dangerous passage that the revenue cutter dare not follow without risk of foundering. The revenue cutter gave chase, but without avail, and when morning came the *Susan* had passed far down below the horizon, and pursuit was abandoned.

The little schooner, whitening the waters of the Gulf with her wake, passed Cape San Antonio and laid her course for the Honduran coast, and the port of Omoa, where General Walker himself was to join the party. The arms and war material, which hitherto had remained in the hold, were brought on deck and distributed among the men. Shortly after nightfall, while the *Susan* was sailing smoothly and those aboard were without thought of danger, there was a crash and a grinding of timbers—the schooner had struck on one of the countless coral reefs of the treacherous Carib-

bean waters, and hung helpless on the tusk that impaled her.

The night was filled with terror. Death seemed close at hand, and a number of the men, despairing of their lives, entered the hold and broke open casks of brandy, declaring that they would rather go down unconscious than to undergo the painful struggle of strangling with all their faculties alert and keen. These men were driven from the hold.

When morning came it brought no hope of rescue. In every direction the waters were tossing angrily over the low coral reefs, which projected at intervals from water that was fathoms deep. There was constant fear that a storm would rise, lift the schooner from the reef, and then let her plunge endlessly down to the depths below. Luckily, the weather remained calm, and after three days and nights the men were rescued by fishermen who inhabited a coral island in that vicinity. The expedition remained on this island eight days, and finally was taken off by the British sloop of war *Basilisk,* and carried to Mobile.

Determined to regain what he believed were his rights in Nicaragua, General Walker soon had a fourth expedition under way. On June 22, 1860, the schooner *Clifton* weighed anchor at New Orleans and silently dropped down the great Mississippi and passed its turbulent estuary into the Gulf of Mexico. On board were Colonel Rudler, Major Hoof, Major Thomas Dolan, Captain Ryan, Captain Newby, all old officers and companions of Walker in Nicaragua, together with 125 other soldiers of fortune. General Walker and Colonel Henry remained behind, to follow in a few days on another schooner.

The *Clifton* made good headway in a light breeze until she came in sight of Cape San Antonio, where she entered a calm in which she lay almost motionless for thirty days. Then a fine breeze carried her into Balize. At Balize the first shock of the bitter future was felt by the expedition. As the *Clifton* cast anchor in the port, a British man-of-war took possession of her and all the arms and ammunition on board.

When night came Colonel Rudler chartered the sloop *Martha,* and the men, armed only with their revolvers, went aboard and sailed for Ruatan, which they reached on the third day, and where they found the schooner *J. E. Taylor* with General Walker, Colonel Henry and the second part of the expedition on board. The capture of the arms and ammunition on the *Clifton* was overcome in a degree by a supply found on the *Taylor,* to which the entire expedition was transferred. For a time the spirits of the men were exuberant.

No man who loved Walker and his cause may speak without tearful emotion of the tragic doom that was now upon the "Grey-eyed Man of Destiny." I had long since returned to the United States, and did not accompany this last unfortunate expedition. The dramatic close of this remarkable man has been described with fidelity—the manuscript being in my possession—by an eye-witness, Walter Stanley, who was himself a member of this last expedition, and who lives now at Moro, Oregon, where he is treasurer of Sherman county. From his manuscript I take these words:

"The *Martha* was paid and sailed away, and the *Taylor* ran into a small cove and cast anchor. After a long conference in the cabin, General Walker and

Colonel Rudler came on deck, where we were formed in line, and General Walker informed us of the failure of his plans to establish a rendezvous on one of the Bay Islands, as the English were still in possession, and on the alert. He said there was one of two things to do, and that he and Colonel Rudler would retire and leave the decision to us: either to abandon the expedition and return to New Orleans, or run across in the night and surprise Truxillo (a Honduran port). We were unanimous for Truxillo, and next morning weighed anchor and sailed round to the other side of the island to McDonald's Cove, where there was a British fort, and where an Englishman named Poppleton had a store, and to whom the cargo of the schooner was consigned.

"On the evening of August 5 we sailed away and ran over to Truxillo, passed the town, and went about three miles up the Bay, where the boats were lowered and we landed. On the run over, rifles had been issued and forty rounds of cartridges given to each man, and we mustered on the shore 91 men, including General Walker. General Walker and Colonel Henry placed themselves at the head, and we marched for Truxillo. There has never been a sixth of August since, when I have not thought of this march in the fading moonlight. The faint streaks of dawn showed pale in the eastern horizon when we came to the grey and grim old fortress, the foundations of which had been laid by Cortez. We found the old granite walls, eight feet high and twelve feet thick, bristling with cannon and alive with men.

"In a few words, Colonel Henry called for six volunteers to deploy and advance and draw the fire of the fort. Not having a particle of sense in those days,

I was one of the first to respond, and in less than half a minute we had scattered and were rushing like mad for the walls. Down came the volley, grape and cannister and musketry. Three of our men fell, and as the rifle dropped from my hand, I noticed a stream of blood flowing from my right arm, which hung limp and powerless at my side. Hastily snatching a handkerchief from my neck, I twisted it around my arm, and pressed on after Colonel Henry who was waving his rifle and cheering the attack. Our men were now under the wall, where they sprang upon each other's shoulders and clambered onto the wall and, drawing their revolvers, opened fire upon the garrison, which soon melted away. In less than a minute the massive iron gates were thrown open and Truxillo was ours. Making my way to the nearest building, I went in, and twisting the handkerchief tighter around my arm, lay down on a cot.

"In a very few minutes Colonel Henry had been named commandant of the fort, and had stationed guards on all the walls, while General Walker was personally looking after the wounded. There was no surgeon, but General Walker knew enough about gunshot wounds to know what should be done. I was the first to receive attention. He cut the sleeve from my arm, washed and bandaged my wound, gave me a glass of brandy, and detailed a man to pour cold water on my arm. He examined and dressed the wounds of the others the same way, and gave us the kindest and most considerate care and attention.

"In the assault we lost six men killed or mortally wounded, and four seriously wounded. Young Dixon, of Texas, had his right leg shattered by a musket ball. Why we were not all killed is one of those curious incidents that seem unaccountable.

"This was the first time that ancient city had bowed her proud head in defeat to an enemy, and that her first humiliation should be at the hands of the hated 'Filibusteros,' was sore and lashing to her vaunted pride. The fort occupied a commanding site and the walls were high and strong, mounted with 36 guns, guns long since obsolete, but first-class in their day. Two of the guns were 18-pounders, and bore the legend, 'Seville 1800,' nicely engraved. They appeared to be solid silver, and were said to have been made of ore from an adjacent mine. Ryan, the same, I think, that commanded the *Virginius* expedition, and who was captured and shot by the Spaniards in Cuba in 1873, was appointed ordnance officer, and placed in charge of the magazine.

"Truxillo swarmed with lizards, great big fellows, two feet long. The buildings were all stone, one-story high, with tile roofs. The rafters were rough timbers, and on these was a layer of cane to support the tiles, a very substantial and durable roof. Those big lizards had a fashion of gathering on the roof like flies on the ceiling, and whenever one of them got directly over the hammock in which I was lying, he would stop and look down at me, and at first they nearly scared me to death, for I have a perfect horror of lizards and snakes and alligators.

"On August 8 Colonel Henry and Major Dolan, who were old comrades, having served under Walker in Rivas and Granada, were sent out to confer with a representative of Cabañas, a revolutionary leader, who was understood to have a force of insurgents in our proximity.

"Upon their return they stepped into the magazine where Ryan had some men preparing ammunition for

the cannon. Henry was smoking a cigar and Ryan sharply ordered him out of the magazine. Henry, who had been drinking, drew his bowie knife and started for Ryan, whereupon the later promptly drew his revolver and shot Henry, the ball striking him in the mouth, breaking his right jawbone. General Walker was quickly on the spot, and had Henry brought into the room where I lay, and proceeded to examine his injuries, and apply such remedies as were at hand.

"Henry lay like one dead, except for his heavy breathing, and as I watched Walker, I fancied I could see the lines of care deepen upon his brow. Dolan was explaining how it happened when Walker raised his head and looked at him, and told him to direct Captain Ryan to resume his duties in the magazine. Then Walker sat down beside the stretcher on which Henry lay, and when the sun went down, and the moon rose, he still sat there. When I awoke occasionally from fitful slumber during the night, I found Walker still in the same place, never moving except to apply a wet cloth to Henry's wounded face. In the morning he went out and relieved the guards, and took upon himself all of Henry's duties.

"Dolan came in frequently to see Colonel Henry, and speak to him, but always when Walker was out. Dolan told me that reinforcements were on the way from New Orleans, and that when they arrived we would take the field. They never arrived. Fifteen ships of the British West Indies squadron patrolled the course, and turned back every one of Walker's schooners. On August 12, the British men-of-war, *Icarus* and *Gladiator,* steamed into the bay, and the commander, Captain Salmon, of the *Icarus,* came ashore and demanded an interview with Walker. Dolan told me

that evening that Salmon gave Walker twenty-four hours to surrender or evacuate Truxillo.

"As two regiments of Honduran infantry were encamped around Truxillo, just out of range of our minie rifles, the question of abandoning the protection of its walls was serious. Then it was that Walker seemed to miss the counsel and reckless courage of Colonel Henry. He was wiser and probably more courageous than Henry, but this was a perplexing situation. Soon after Dolan left the room, Walker came in and sat down at Colonel Henry's bedside. Henry could not speak, so he had a slate on which he wrote. Walker took the slate, and wrote a few lines, and handed the slate to Henry. The Colonel studied over it a long time, and then took the pencil and wrote a single word. Walker glanced at it, and sat still for a long time. Then he arose and went out.

"Henry was slowly dying. Worms had eaten away the whole right side of his face. On a shelf at the head of his bed was a bottle, marked acetate of morphine, and part of a glass of lemonade. When Walker went out the Colonel got up and put two or three teaspoonfuls of the contents of the bottle into the lemonade, stirred it up, and swallowed it. Then he lay down, drew the thin covering carefully over him, folded his hands and went to sleep, the sleep that knows no waking.

"It was near midnight when Dolan came in. He glanced at Henry, then he went over and looked at him closely; then he picked up the slate, and having read the last words written by Colonel Henry, exclaimed: 'That explains it.'

"In a louder tone, Dolan commanded: 'All who are able to march will form on the parade; take only a

blanket.' We dressed hastily, and as I passed Dolan, going out, I asked: 'What did Henry write?' Dolan whispered: 'Cabañas.' A sally port was opened, and we marched out of Truxillo, some sixty-five men in ranks, with rifles.

"Walker and Colonel Rudler and the natives were in front, while the sick and wounded brought up the rear. Dolan was with us, and as we wended our way silently through a grove of orange trees I whispered to him: 'Henry is dead.' He did not answer, but I noticed that he had Henry's breech-loading rifle swung over his shoulder.

"After a while I asked Dolan: 'Who is that greaser in front?' 'That,' he said, 'is a guide from Cabañas.'* This guide had arrived within ten minutes after Walker left Colonel Henry, with an invitation for Walker to join him and take command of the revolution.

"We marched swiftly and silently until daylight. We thought we had passed through the lines of the besieging infantry unobserved, though we had not, for when we halted on Cottonwood Creek at sunrise, to rest and make a scant breakfast of such provisions as we had brought with us, a volley of musketry was poured into us at short range, killing and wounding 20 of our men. Walker was struck in the cheek by a musket shot. He called to his men to form ranks, and the volley was returned with rifles and revolvers to such purpose that the enemy never came to such

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(Note.—Trinidad Cabañas was the Honduran that visited General Walker when the latter was at the zenith of his power at Granada, and appealed for help to regain his alleged rights in Honduras. Walker refused to give him aid.)

close quarters again. We did not stop to bury our dead or to care for our wounded, but resumed our retreat. When we halted that evening for the moon to rise, a guard was posted. We had seen nothing of our guide after the fight, and if he was killed, or deserted after leading us into a trap, I never knew. We halted at sunrise at Lima, a banana plantation, and after a short rest ran to our fort, only to find ourselves surrounded, and musket balls falling among us from every direction. We returned the fire, and the enemy soon fell back.

"In all this fighting I took no part, not being able to carry or use a rifle. We found a canoe and loaded it with bananas, and a man named Hogg was detailed to paddle it along the shore. This day we abandoned the trail through the chaparral, and marched on the white sands of the seashore. We finally reached Camp Cabañas on the Rio Nigra, and crossed in our canoe. We found a line of abandoned rifle pits, but no Cabañas. Thirty-one of us were left, and nearly every man was wounded. The position was well chosen, and here we sat down to fight it out.

"What long, hot days those were on the swampy land of that sluggish stream, and all of us scattered along in the rifle pits, and on duty all the time, from daylight until the blazing sun had set. The enemy, though keeping out of range of our minie rifles, kept up a constant fire, and occasionally one of their shots would fall among us. Two of our men were wounded in this way. The enemy we had most to fear, however, was coast fever.

"Even Walker had this fever, as we could tell from the flush in his naturally pallid countenance, though he appeared not to mind it, and was always on duty,

day and night. Those days seem like a frightful nightmare to me even yet. I lost all track of days. I remember Dolan, who was always bright and apparently happy, saying that Cabañas was coming with plenty of men and supplies, to join us, and I believe Walker counted on this to the last.

"But one day we saw two boats, manned by white men, coming up the river. They were from the British man-of-war *Icarus,* and when they saw us they cheered, and ran up the Union Jack. Walker told us not to fire on them, and as they pulled ashore he walked down to confer with the commander. He soon returned and told us to lay down our arms and surrender, and each one of us for himself to claim the protection of the American flag.

"So we laid down our rifles, and went down to the boats, those who were able to walk, and some of the sailors came ashore and carried the others down to the boats. The men we had been fighting began to gather in pretty close, and the boats cast off and pulled down the river, and in a few hours we were on board the *Icarus.*

"The second officer of the *Icarus* was waiting to receive us, and I fancied he looked cold and stern, as he demanded of his officer: 'Is this all?' 'All that were alive, sir,' was the reply. Captain Salmon questioned each of us as we came aboard, and we answered as Walker had directed.

"General Walker was the last to come over the ship's side, and when Salmon demanded of him who he was, Walker answered: 'I am William Walker, President of Nicaragua.' Colonel Rudler, who had merely answered that he was an American, now stepped forward and said that he was General Walker's chief of

staff, and though all thought well of Rudler before, we thought much better of him for this, as it was a manly thing for him to do, and a proper and fitting act for one who was supposed to share Walker's confidence. As Walker grasped his hand, he included us all in one swift, stern, yet affectionate, glance which said plainly: 'Remember the last order I gave you, or ever will give you.'

"Walker and Rudler were placed under guard, but hammocks were swung under an awning for the sick and wounded, while the others, consisting of Major Dolan and Captain Newby, lounged around the deck as if they owned the ship. They had both received slight wounds, nor had they escaped the fever, yet having been with General Walker in all his campaigns, they were too proud and brave even to partake of the lime juice and quinine which was liberally supplied. I had my arm dressed for the first time in days and days, and it was in horrible condition. The surgeon wanted to cut it off, to which his assistant whispered that it was not worth while. Evidently they expected to toss me overboard next morning.

"As the sun was setting, Dolan and Newby were standing near the hammock where I lay, watching our late enemies gathering around the abandoned rifle pits. I remember Newby's saying: 'There are more than a thousand of them.' And then I fell asleep. When I awoke we were under way. The night was beautiful, and the breeze fresh and cool, and I went to sleep again. When next I awoke it was daylight, and Major Dolan told me we were at anchor at Truxillo, and that Captain Salmon had taken General Walker and Colonel Rudler ashore. In the evening we were all, except Major Dolan, Captain Newby and Major Hoof,

taken ashore. A sail had been pitched as an awning, and some canvas stretchers placed under it for us to lie on.

"A guard of marines from the *Icarus* was posted over us, as we all knew, to prevent the Honduran soldiers from butchering the last one of us. As we learned from our guard, a court-martial was immediately organized at the fort for the trial of General Walker and Colonel Rudler. These Spanish-American courts-martial are summary affairs. There was no defense. The identity of General Walker and Colonel Rudler was fully and freely admitted, and their presence there was justified by the coalition of Honduras in the war on Nicaragua by which General Walker was deposed as President; and he claimed that he had the sovereign right to levy war against Honduras, but he was their prisoner through the arbitrary and unlawful action of the British naval officer, and they had determined, lawfully or unlawfully to kill him. Both the General and Colonel Rudler were sentenced to be shot, but at the instance of Captain Salmon, Rudler's sentence was commuted to four years' imprisonment in the mines,* which was, at least, three hundred and sixty-five times worse than to be shot.

"Next morning at daylight General Walker, surrounded by a guard of seventy, unkempt ruffians, was marched past our camp across a small stream. His face was pale as usual, and I noticed the scar on his cheek received in the fights around Truxillo. He carried a crucifix in his hand, being a Catholic. When they halted, the officer commanding the guard read

*(Note.—The State of Alabama, through the United States Secretary of State, subsequently obtained Colonel Rudler's release and return to the United States.)

a paper in Spanish, his orders, I presume, and then General Walker in a clear and firm voice, free from the slightest quaver or tremor, spoke a few moments in Spanish. We could not hear what he said, and besides I did not understand Spanish. We could see from where we stood a newly made grave in the sands, near the edge of which the General stood while speaking to the Spanish guards, and those collected round it. His whole conduct, voice, gestures and attitude in this terrible and supreme moment were calm and dignified, absolutely free of the slightest indication of fear or of a braggart or a buffoon. While he was speaking there was a tap on the drum, a volley of musketry followed, and General Walker was dead.

"The soldiers then threw down their guns, and with brutal ferocity tumbled his body into this hole in the sands, without coffin or shroud, and covered it up. They then picked up their guns and hurried away, apparently afraid to linger near the spot where they had killed and buried him.

"We were immediately taken on board the *Icarus*, which steamed away to Ruatan, where we were put ashore. Two of our men died on the trip, and were thrown overboard. There was an old dilapidated house in the pirate grave-yard where we were left to live or die, as might happen.

"Out of ninety-one, only twelve returned to tell the story of their suffering, fighting and almost death."

So ends this graphic narrative of an eye-witness of the execution of General Walker, and the sufferings of his men, in the last final struggle to regain possession of the government of which he had lawfully been given control by the suffrage of its people. The action of the Honduran soldiers, after their cowardly bullets

had pierced his heart, was disgustingly brutal. They robbed his body of its clothing, and then quarrelled among themselves over the division.

That the conscience of the British naval officer was free from remorse for the cowardly part he played in this final drama, no just man may believe; that what he did was not only cowardly, but inhuman, all honorable persons who admire brave and gallant men must confess. The excuse that Honduras demanded his surrender is a poor and paltry subterfuge, for General Walker was the prisoner of the British naval officer and on board his vessel, and was not a prisoner of the Honduran general; Captain Salmon could have gone out to sea without molestation by the Honduras authorities. Instead, however, he entered the port of Truxillo and deliberately surrendered Walker to his death. It matters not whether promises of protection were given when the capture of Walker was effected, honorable warfare implies such, and honorable men respect it.

The apologists for Captain Salmon, as a justification for his act, have insisted that General Walker had no right to be on Honduran soil making war on the state. With more force of argument, and with international law and comity to back it, it might be asked by what right did Captain Salmon enter the territory of Honduras. Honduras had entered into the coalition which forced Walker from the presidency of Nicaragua, and had made war against the Nicaraguan Republic. He had been forced out of the Presidency, not by the people of Nicaragua, but by a combination of foreign states, one of which was Honduras, and his right to enter her territory to make war or force a peace was absolute, and limited only by his power to inforce his

demands, and when compelled by the British commander to surrender, he was entitled to the rights accorded prisoners of war.

In his final and trying hour, with the death sweat upon his brow, the only thought of Walker was to save the lives of those who had suffered so much for him. He would not claim for himself the protection that the flag of his native land gave to his companions. He stood like a lion at bay and, overcome with his wounds, sank with his eyes upon his enemies.

The opinion may be risked that had he lived and the fortunes of war sustained his cause, he would have changed the political history of Central America, and made the five Central American states a land of intellectual progress and commercial greatness, and saved them from being a hot-bed of ever-recurring revolutions, and the abiding place of social disorder and commercial poverty. In a last retrospect, I offer the words of a poet, Joaquin Miller, who knew and loved Walker:

AT THE GRAVE OF WALKER.

He lies low in the levelled sand,
Unsheltered from the tropic sun,
And now of all he knew not one
Will speak him fair in that far land.
Perhaps 'twas this that made me seek,
Disguised, his grave one winter-tide;
A weakness for the weaker side,
A siding with the helpless weak.

A palm not far held out a hand,
Hard by a long green bamboo swung,
And bent like some great bow unstrung,
And quivered like a willow wand;
Perched on its fruits that crooked hang,
Beneath a broad banana's leaf,
A bird in rainbow splendor sang
A low, sad song, of tempered grief.

No sod, no sign, no cross nor stone,
But at his side a cactus green
Upheld its lances long and keen;
It stood in sacred sands alone,
Flat-palmed and fierce with lifted spears;
One bloom of crimson crowned its head,
A drop of blood, so bright, so red,
Yet redolent as rose's tears.

In my left hand I held a shell,
All rosy lipped and pearly red;
I laid it by his lowly bed,
For he did love so passing well
The grand songs of the solemn sea.
O shell! sing well, wild, with a will,
When storms blow loud and birds be still,
The wildest sea-song known to thee!

I said some things with folded hands,
Soft whispered in the dim sea-sound,
And eye held humbly to the ground,
And frail knees sunken in the sands.
He had done more than this for me,
And yet I could not well do more;
I turned me down the olive shore,
And set a sad face to the sea.

THE END

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